The Nation.

March 17, 1979 $1

P
1127

EDITORIAL

GRAYMAIL GAVOTTE

The intricate dance of graymail goes on. In Carl Kaplan and Randall Rothenberg's "The Black Art of Graymail" (*The Nation*, February 24), the authors predicted that the gambit would be used by the defense in the trial of former F.B.I. director L. Patrick Gray 3d, W. Mark Felt and Edward Miller. Now, an article in *The New York Times* cites "several well-placed sources" who confide that the prosecution of the three F.B.I. officials, who are accused of ordering burglaries of private homes, might be dropped to avoid exposing secret information in court.

The appearance of justice is said to be as important as justice itself, but when justice becomes a sort of Balinese shadow play, its actors behind closed doors talking of secret evidence, we are again left to wonder if crimes committed under the cloak of national security will go unpunished. If so, what incentive remains for our intelligence operatives to obey the law?

The Times's own secret sources report that Miller and Felt's defense will be a reprise of Watergate burglars Bernard Barker and Eugenio Martinez's defense, i.e., that they were only following higher orders—Gray's, in Miller-Felt's case. The defense will demand all evidence relating to this, and the Government is said to be reluctant to produce it, which means that it will be likewise reluctant to produce it when the question of whether Gray was guilty of giving the orders comes to trial. And cannot Gray plead that he, too, was acting with his superiors' approval? The Government has spent $12 million on prosecuting "black bag jobs" by seventy F.B.I. men without success. If Gray-Miller-Felt evade trial, the buck goes up, up—and simply vanishes.

POLITICAL BLARNEY
Jack Holland

BILINGUALISM: A SYMPOSIUM
Sanford Levinson
Carey McWilliams
Benjamin DeMott
Neil Postman

WEST GERMAN McCARTHYISM
Martin Oppenheimer

INFLATION PROFITS
Paul Rosenstiel

LETTER FROM MOZAMBIQUE
William Meyers

MALAMUD
Mark Shechner

GREAT WALL AND JUNGLE

CHINA'S HISTORICAL HEGEMONY

OWEN LATTIMORE

As the news about guerrilla resistance in Kampuchea and the Chinese thrust ("incursion" in Kissinger-Nixon language) into Vietnam comes off the wires and flickers on the screens, we are left to try to fit the pieces together in a way that makes sense. Even serious commentators know so little about issues, historical precedents and traditional patterns of behavior in that part of the world that the only comparison they have come up with is to the unilateral Chinese tidying up of the India-Tibet frontier, by military force, in 1962.

Our journalists also remind us of the Chinese insistence that the Russians have, since Czarist times, repeatedly encroached along the Siberian frontier on territories that once upon a time belonged to China. Not only in the North, but also in the deep South, where it is the Chinese who have for centuries been expanding, we need a much longer historical perspective to bring immediate events into focus.

In Peking in 1972 I was given a Foreign Office brochure, intended as background reading for anyone interested in frontier disputes between China and Russia. Precisely, even elegantly, with a minimum of words, it wove together several themes:

(*1*) For more than 2,000 years the Chinese have lived in a multinational polity: the Chinese themselves forming the majority, and such minorities as the Tibetans, the oasis peoples of Sinkiang or Chinese Turkestan, the successive historical peoples of Mongolia (Hsiungnu, Sienpi, the Northern Turks, the Mongols themselves), the succes-

(Continued on Page 274)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

WITHHOLDING APPROVAL

New York City

That well-known opiate of the people now seems on the verge of being alchemized into an opiate for left intellectuals—at least that is the impression I got from Richard Falk's "Mosque and People Power: Iran's Home-Grown Revolution" [*The Nation*, Feb. 10]. Let us grant that Khomeini has rid Iran of the Shah's brutal repression. Still, there seems an excellent chance he will ultimately replace the Shah's greed with his own religious fervor. And should we on the democratic left not at least wait before we applaud the "completely new revolutionary process . . . unfolding in Iran"? It has, after all, a background in history, too. The jihad connotations, the desire to destroy Israel (an old "revolutionary" stance, that), the militant antifeminism (in the protests through the streets of Teheran, the women apparently marched in separate blocks—to the rear, of course), the hatred of the modern and of modernism voiced in the name of "God's will"—all of these should at least make us less than ebullient in our praise of Khomeini. No doubt, the vast majority of Iranians are behind Khomeini. A majority of Italians were probably behind Mussolini in the 1920s and a majority of Germans were undoubtedly behind Hitler in the 1930s.

I am not suggesting that Khomeini or what he represents is to be compared to Hitler or Mussolini and what they brought into being. I simply want to note that the democratic left ought to adopt a wait-and-see attitute before it confers instant sainthood on the Ayatollah. His religious fervor may well lead to a more egalitarian Iran; it may also lead to repression, intolerance and a series of religious wars in which the dead will be as God-fearing as the living. *Leonard Kriegel*

CLASS STRUGGLE

Genera

When I saw the title "Ollman Plays 'Class Struggle' for Real" [*The Nation*, Nov. 18, 1978] I expected a very different tale than the account of the confrontation between Marxist Ollman and conservative administrators of the University of Maryland, where Ollman sought a cushy job. After all, Ollman is not a coal miner, and is, presumably, a member of the same class as his opponents.

Ollman, however, has been involved in a real class struggle, to which I assumed *The Nation* article was referring. When Brentano's, where Ollman's game was selling like hot cakes, became embroiled in a bitter strike with workers seeking union recognition, representatives of the strikers approached Ollman to request that he remove his game from the struck stores. His reply to these entreaties, as reported in *The Village Voice*, was: "We, while sympathizing with the strike, did not want to be the only radical supplier to take action if it might mean the end of our business." *Kent Gordis*

INFORMATION WANTED

I am making a film about John Reed (the author of *Ten Days That Shook the World*) and Louise Bryant (his wife) and would appreciate contact with anyone who knew either of them.

Warren Beatty
Paramount Pictures Corp.
5451 Marathon Street
Hollywood, Calif. 90038

JEOPARDIZED SECURITY?

New Brunswick, N.J.

Michael T. Klare . . . continues to write about military affairs ["Potomac War Fever," *The Nation*, Feb. 3] as if this were 1949, when the United States did indeed have a monopoly of weapons, instead of 1979. But by now such one-sided alarums are at best ingenuous and at worst misanthropic.

Consider the most obvious facts: the Soviet buildup from 1964 to 1979 indicates the following: troops from 3.4 million to 4.4 million; strategic arms from 540 to 2,500; tactical aircraft from 3,500 to 4,500; army divisions from 148 to 170. Further, on a relative basis, the Soviet Union is out front on every single category save nuclear warheads. Its armed forces are twice that of the United States (4.3 million compared to 2.1 million). And in every phase of hardware—strategic missiles, warplanes, tanks, submarines, surface warships—they far exceed our present supplies. If Washington is a "war capital," what is one to say of Moscow, where military spending represents a percentage of G.N.P. of 12 percent in contrast to our 6 percent?

Perhaps more dangerous is the wish-fulfillment, Armageddon-like statements about a "rapacious war economy," "atmosphere of militarism," "McCarthy-type crackdown," "resurgent militarism," "interventionism," "cold-war hysteria"—all in one final paragraph. Of course there is a "middle ground" in this struggle. If Klare expects people to "take a stand" over United States military policy, it is time for him, and those who share his convictions about peace, to take a stand against Soviet military policy. Otherwise, I fear it will be Klare and his colleagues who, to cite his prophetic prose, "will quite simply be left out of politics as we know it in years ahead."

Irving Louis Horowitz
Distinguished Professor
of Sociology and Anthropology
Rutgers University

Washington

Professor Horowitz did not seem to get the point of my article—*but he sure proved it!*

I was not talking about who is moving faster in the race to acquire excess overkill capabilities but rather about the damaging effects that race has on our own society. Among other consequences, I spoke of inflation, cutbacks in social programs, increased restrictions on personal liberty—and the substitution of calculated hysteria for reasoned debate on United States-Soviet arms issues.

Horowitz illustrates this last point perfectly, by using bogus arms data to discredit my article. Obviously I do not have enough space here to address all of his claims about Soviet strength but suffice to say that "the Soviet Union is out front on every single category save nuclear warheads" is pure bunkum. Anyone who takes the trouble, as I have done, to read through all the Pentagon documents submitted to Congress knows that the United States is far, far ahead in almost every significant measure of war-fighting capacity. . . .

I do not deny that the Soviet Union has expanded its military capabilities—with China moving ever closer to a military alliance with the West, they would have to be crazy not to. But the real question is: does the Soviet buildup place our security in jeopardy, and if so, what measures will best insure our survival? Horowitz has not addressed this question, and if he did so, all of his numbers would prove to be irrelevant. The real question is how to prevent United States and Soviet leaders from committing us all to a militaristic course ending in self-destruction. And circulating phony statements about Soviet capabilities does not help that process. *Michael T. Klare*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 228, No. 10

COVER:
Editorial: Graymail Gavotte
Great Wall and Jungle:
China's Historical Hegemony *Owen Lattimore*

LETTERS
258

EDITORIALS
259 Political Blarney *Jack Holland*
260 The Quiet Man
261 Black Zonians *Dana C. Haussamen*
262 *Variations* *Calvin Trillin*

ARTICLES
263 Bilingualism: A Symposium *Sanford Levinson, Carey McWilliams, Benjamin DeMott, Neil Postman*
267 Rolling Back *Berufsverbot*: West German McCarthyism *Martin Oppenheimer*
270 Unemployment Payoff: How Business Profits From Inflation *Paul Rosenstiel*
273 Letter From Mozambique: The View From a Front-Line State *William Meyers*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
277 Malamud: Dubin's Lives *Mark Shechner*
279 Sociology: Brief Reviews *Todd Gitlin*
280 Kaldor: The Disintegrating West *Wendy Cooper*
281 Yglesias: Starting *Marjorie Pryse*
281 Art *Lawrence Alloway*
283 Television *Peter Sourian*
284 Theater *Harold Clurman*
285 Films *Robert Hatch*

Drawings by Peter Steiner

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Literary Editor*, Elizabeth Pochoda; *Poetry Editor*, Grace Schulman; *Copy Editor*, Patricia Dowling; *Assistant Copy Editor*, Sydne Silverstein; *Assistant Editor*, Kai Bird; *Editorial Assistants*, Karen Wilcox, Amy Wilentz; *Editorial Secretary*, Ola Lyon.

Departments: *Art*, Lawrence Alloway; *Architecture*, Jane Holtz Kay; *Dance*, Nancy Goldner; *Films*, Robert Hatch; *Indigenous Music*, Nat Hentoff; *Music*, David Hamilton; *Press*, Richard Pollak; *Television*, Peter Sourian; *Theater*, Harold Clurman; *White House Correspondent*, Robert Sherrill. *Correspondents*: *Latin America*, Penny Lernoux; *London*, Raymond Williams; *Paris*, Claude Bourdet; *Bonn*, C. Amery; *Canberra*, C.P. Fitzgerald. *Columnists*: Carey McWilliams, Calvin Trillin. *Contributing Editor*, Blair Clark. *Editorial Board*: James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Robert Lekachman, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Marcus Raskin, A.W. Singham, Alan Wolfe.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish

Advertising Manager, Susan Ellen Heitler; *Business Manager*, Ann B. Epstein; *Circulation Manager*, Gloria Sangster; *Production Coordinator*, Deborah Thomas; *Assistant to Publisher*, Karen Polk; *Staff*, John Holtz, Greta Loell; *Administrative Secretary*, Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates*, Claudine Bacher. *Nation News Service*, Joanne Grant.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1979 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Subscription Price: One year, $21; two years, $37. Student rate $15 a year. Add $3 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $5 other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds.

EDITORIALS.

Political Blarney

Begorra! 'Tis strange times that are in it! For the last two years on St. Patrick's Day, the Big Four Irish-American politicians, Senators Edward Kennedy and Pat Moynihan, Gov. Hugh Carey and Speaker of the House "Tip" O'Neill, have been given to issuing joint proclamations on the subject of Northern Ireland. On both occasions these have taken the form of condemnations of the I.R.A., coupled with exhortations to their fellow Irish-Americans to stop sending money to Irish "terrorists," and have called for a "power-sharing" solution that would bring Catholics and Protestants into the Government in a reformed Northern Ireland state. It seemed that these proclamations might become as regular a feature of St. Patrick's Day activities as the New York parade: they had the support of the Irish Government and were well publicized both here and in Ireland. This year the Big Four appear to have cooled their rhetoric.

That they are to remain silent is perhaps just as well, considering the reception they received among some Irish-Americans on the two previous occasions. Though out of the approximately fifteen million Irish-Americans in the United States only a small proportion could find Belfast on a map, and of those, an even smaller fraction care enough to look, this fraction has included for the past six years the leadership of several large Irish-American organizations. Groups like the Ancient Order of Hibernians in America, the largest Irish-American organization in the country, and the New York-based Emerald Societies, which organizes Irish-Americans in the New York City Fire and Police Departments, have shown themselves to be unhappy with the tenor and the content of those proclamations.

With some cause. By linking the violence in Northern Ireland with Irish-American money, the Kennedy-Moynihan-Carey-O'Neill statements have shifted attention away from where it could be more revealingly focused: on the role of successive British Governments and their security forces in Northern Ireland. Their statements have been seen as pinning responsibility for the cause of violence on Irish-Americans and the I.R.A. This is about as sensible as saying that the Vietcong were the cause of the Vietnam War.

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
MAR 13 1979
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is unfortunate that the political weight of men like Ted Kennedy was thrown behind such a sloppy and inaccurate view of the Northern Irish crisis. That it was, was partly due to the anxiety of successive Irish Governments about Irish-American sympathy for the I.R.A., and partly due to the belief that power-sharing was a workable solution to the problem. These influences combined to convince Kennedy to push the line that he, and the others, did.

They might well now feel that they have been backing the wrong horse in the Northern Irish Sweepstakes. Power-sharing (which has never been a political reality in Northern Ireland since the Protestants opposed it in 1974) has been dropped from the political vocabulary of all the major parties in Ireland and Britain. The Irish Government has been pushing the British to declare their intention to withdraw; the Northern Ireland Social Democratic and Labor Party, which made power-sharing into its major demand and whose spokesman, John Hume, was largely responsible for selling it to Kennedy, has followed suit. By the end of 1978 Kennedy-Moynihan-Carey-O'Neill were the only ones still talking about it.

In the meantime, developments at home cannot have been very encouraging to the Big Four. The leadership of the Ancient Order of Hibernians helped set up the Ad Hoc Committee for Irish Affairs in the Congress, under the chairmanship of Bronx Congressman Mario Biaggi. The 104-member committee has been pressing for open Congressional hearings on Northern Ireland. (The Congress held similar hearings in 1921, during the Irish War of Independence, and revealed British atrocities during that period.)

Biaggi is a sometime populist who, though he has something of a "law-and-order" image, has campaigned for such things as basic rights for servicemen and improvement of conditions in hospitals for retarded children. He has a record of interest in Ireland going back to 1972, when he went on a civil rights protest march in the Northern Ireland town of Newry. Though his district is less than 10 percent Irish-American, the Irish issue has brought him nationwide attention—usually unfavorable. Throughout the last two years, his committee has continued to draw attention to the human rights issues involved, and has had some success in counteracting the simplistic view of the violence as being solely the fault of bloody-minded terrorists.

Biaggi's committee has continued to grow despite the hostility of the press and the opposition of the Irish Government, which was worried that the committee's activities might detract from its own anti-I.R.A. campaign in America. So hostile was the Irish Government that, at the suggestion of the Big Four, Irish Prime Minister Jack Lynch openly attacked Biaggi last year—accusing him of supporting subversives. (No one could recall the head of a friendly Government making such a public attack on a member of the United States Congress before.) This, however, did not diminish the committee—though the achievement of its aims has been effectively blocked by Tip O'Neill in Congress.

It is true that few Irish-Americans are concerned about Northern Ireland. Their "ethnic" consciousness has been diluted by upward social progress over the last fifty years. Their political homogeneity—Democratic, and derived from their early urban concentration—has been broken as they moved to suburbia, and in increasing numbers into the Republican Party. Exiled Irish revolutionaries are no longer visible on the American scene. When the complexity of the situation is considered, there seems little hope of Northern Ireland ever becoming a vital issue for the mass of Irish-Americans.

Nonetheless, there has been more activity, politically speaking, on the issue in America during the last two years than ever before, and there are those in Ireland (including now both Protestants and Catholics) who hope that this might become a factor in breaking the deadly impasse in which Northern Ireland has found itself since the British Labor Government effectively shelved the problem. But even to begin such an initiative, Irish-American politicians would have at least to agree on who is chiefly responsible for the current crisis, and who has the power to end it: that is, the Government of the United Kingdom. It ultimately holds the keys to peace.

JACK HOLLAND

Jack Holland, a Belfast poet and journalist, is working as a freelance writer in New York City.

The Quiet Man

In contrast to some of his predecessors, Federal Trade Commission Chairman Michael Pertschuk has been an outspoken advocate of the consumer. That, however, got him in trouble. Because of his expressed belief that the important issue of children's television advertising was a worthy subject for investigation, one of the opponents of regulation in that area cried foul, and took the matter to court. The upshot was that last November, Federal District Judge Gerhard Gesell ordered Pertschuk to disqualify himself from any rule-making the Trade Commission might do upon the completion of hearings on the issue now in progress.

As a result, Pertschuk has imposed a silence upon himself, thus removing his informed voice from the debate, and only two commissioners are qualified to vote. Pertschuk is disqualified, another commissioner withdrew from the case because of his association with some of the parties and a third commissioner resigned. Since a quorum of three is required before the commission can act, we hope that the President will fill the vacancy forthwith, lest his inaction be interpreted as effectively sidetracking the possibility of regulation in this area. Whether exploitational adver

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tising that trumpets to children the message that "candy breakfasts" are good for you (see King Harris, "The Candy Breakfast Case," *The Nation*, March 3) deserves First Amendment protection is just one of the questions the hearings before an administrative judge will take up; and if regulations were ultimately enacted, the question will no doubt be brought speedily before the courts by advertisers and broadcasters who profit from the $600 million "kidvid" business.

As for the quiet man—Pertschuk—Judge Gesell's ruling against him raises some serious questions, and the Trade Commission is planning an appeal. Should a "regulator" approach every question with the mythical tabula rasa mind? Shouldn't there be a distinction between the adjudicatory function, such as that performed by a judge, and the rule-making function, such as all the regulatory commissions perform? Such a function seems more legislative than judicial, and to expect a commissioner not to express opinions about existing problems in the areas of his concern (why else would he order an investigation and hearing?) is to make him mute and ineffectual. After all, when Senator Henry Jackson says that the loss of our listening station in Iran throws SALT II into doubt, no one calls for him to resign as chairman of the arms control subcommittee. The responsibilities of the regulatory agencies are too important for them to be run by voiceless men.

Black Zonians

With the signing and ratification of the Panama Canal treaties last year, that once controversial strip of land and water recedes into history. But for some 35,000 blacks, legislation implementing the treaties, which Congress has before it, is their future. They are the descendants of the thousands of West Indians brought in by the United States to build the canal, and today they run it.

Under the treaties signed in September 1978, canal employees who are American citizens are guaranteed no loss in pay, generous retirement benefits and priority job placement should they decide to leave Panama. This will enable them to negotiate their working and living conditions with the new Panamanian administrators of the canal from a position of strength. If they are not satisfied, they can pack up and go home. The situation for the 8,000 black canal employees and their families, however, is very different.

Although these workers are officially citizens of Panama, they are not regarded as countrymen by most Panamanians. One Panamanian official, expressing the prevalent attitude, explained: "The United States brought them here for its own gain and in all our conflicts with the Yankees the West Indians sided with their gringo masters. The canal is ours now and that means the jobs as well as the ditch."

Once the treaties are implemented, the strength and vitality of American labor unions in the Canal Zone will deteriorate and the blacks will be on their own. The implementing legislation is thus our last opportunity to address the predicament of these dedicated United States Government employees.

Our obligation, however, derives from much more than the fact that we brought their ancestors to Panama to build the canal or that they have been exceptionally loyal to this country. Unlike other instances of foreign nationals working for our Government overseas, these "black Zonians" with their Little League baseball teams, their fraternal lodges, their American unions, hospital, supermarket, post office, banks, schools and every other facet of life and aspiration oriented to America, do not fit in Panama, whatever their birth certificates say about citizenship. This was a matter of design on the Government's part, because this close identification assured it their unquestioning loyalty in the operation of a crucial American facility.

Although little known in this country, the treatment of these people represents the most extreme racism ever officially perpetrated by the United States. In 1904, when America took over the building of the Panama Canal from the French, the United States Government immediately instituted a system of racial segregation that did not end completely until 1978, when the dual school system was terminated.

"Americanization" of the blacks of the Canal Zone was total, and if we abandon them, they will be powerless and unprotected against Panamanians who want their jobs. Consequently, they must be offered the opportunity to choose America as their home. For those who want to stay in Panama and keep their jobs, the existence of an option to emigrate will give them bargaining power with the Government of Panama. We should open our doors to the rest. This opportunity can easily be written into the implementing legislation for the treaties through a provision extending special immigrant status to canal employees who have performed satisfactory service. The legislation should also provide equivalent special status for retired workers. This would acknowledge the fact that many of them have not been assimilated into Panamanian society and might prefer to receive their Federal pensions here.

America's adventure in Panama is ending. The political analysts have covered the treaty negotiations, the attendant debates, public opinion and the impact on the Carter Administration. What remains is an opportunity to respond to past and impending abuses for which we are responsible. There are no external demands to resolve or pressure groups to satisfy; the workers are impotent and the Panamanians indifferent. It is squarely a moral issue: our need and desire to live up to our fundamental principles and best instincts.

DANA C. HAUSSAMEN

Dana C. Haussamen, a freelance writer in Washington, spent two months in Panama last year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VARIATIONS

CALVIN TRILLIN

Oddly enough, the slogan that President Carter tried to plant in the public mind through his State of the Union Message—a New Foundation—was rejected as a slogan for our family several months ago. We decided against it because of our concern that it would only make me worry about the foundation of our house. As far as I know, there is nothing at all wrong with the foundation of our house, but I happen to come from a long line of people whose minds have tended to dwell morbidly on underpinnings. Among my forebears, simply mentioning the word "foundation" has always conjured up horrifying images of cracks opening in the basement walls or ferocious insects gnawing away at the sills. I had a cousin who was convinced that his house was built on the San Andreas Fault even though he lived in St. Joseph, Mo. I'm told that my grandfather threw a handful of salt over his left shoulder every time my grandmother complained about the discomfort of her foundation garment. When somebody says New Foundation to me, I do not think of the American people building new foundations for a stable and just society. I think of a contractor—a sullen, beady-eyed contractor—saying, "I'm afraid what you're going to need here, my friend, is a new foundation."

All of which left us without a slogan for the family. For years, I had assumed that we could do without a family slogan, but then the Mohlers, down the street, started calling themselves the Great Society.

"I just don't see how a fat lady and a man who is practically under indictment for tax evasion can go around calling themselves the Great Society," my wife, Alice, said.

"Well, they do," I said. "Right on their stationery it says 'Harry and Greta Mohler—The Great Society.' Everybody seems to be doing it. The Palermos have a sign on their mailbox that says 'The Palermos—First Family of Chestnut Street,' and that horde of Clanceys up the street now answer the phone by saying 'Big and Small, We Got 'Em All.' "

"I don't think we need a slogan," Alice said. "Slogans are tacky."

"You promised," our daughter Abigail said. Abigail, who is 10, is the Amnesty International representative assigned to keep our family free of injustice, torture, confinement on political grounds and assorted atrocities. She seems sweet, but she is a killer at the negotiating table. It was Abigail who hammered out an agreement acceptable to both sides after her younger sister, Sarah, refused to take a nap until American troops withdrew from Southeast Asia.

"When I was a child, my family had no slogan," I said. "Unless you want to count 'Zip Up Your Jacket.' Kids nowadays expect too much."

"I hope you're not going to start one of those stories about how you had to walk twelve miles to school," Abigail said.

"Grandma told us it was only about six blocks and you made her drive you there if it was the teeniest bit cold," Sarah said.

"And what would she say when I got out of the car?"

"Zip Up Your Jacket," Abigail and Sarah said, in unison.

"Still a very serviceable slogan," I said. "We could get many more years of use out of it."

"It's a yucky slogan," Abigail said.

"I hate it," Sarah said.

I was about to begin a speech about how children whose father walked twelve miles to school couldn't expect to have a new slogan every year, but then Alice said that the Bowens, across the street, already had "Zip Up Your Jacket" inscribed on the side of their Dodge Dart.

I thought about using the New Deal for a while, although we don't really have a new deal in our family. It's the same old deal. Also, someone who worked in the New Deal is almost never referred to these days except as "an old New Dealer"—a description I thought Alice might consider more appropriate to Greta Mohler than to herself. The other slogans used by Presidential Administrations seemed difficult to apply to people rather than programs. What, in fact, will Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell and Bert Lance and this Administration's other contributions to statecraft be called in their dotage? Old New Foundationists? Old New Foundationites? If Leonard Garment, Nixon's counsel, had stayed on under Carter—and, as things have turned out, he might well have—he could at least be called an old New Foundation Garment, but he has, as they say, gone back to the law. How would those who toiled for Lyndon Johnson—McGeorge Bundy, say, and Walt W. Rostow—refer to each other in reunions to come, assuming the phrase "war criminal" has not taken on an ironically nostalgic air by then? Old Great Societyators?

The pressure was building in our house. The Bernsteins, whose daughter was in school with Abigail, had taken to listing themselves in the telephone book as "The Best Mixed Marriage Yet."

"It's not fair," Abigail said. "Everyone at school has a slogan except us. Samantha's family now has bumper stickers that say 'The Bartletts—A Triumph of Group Therapy.' "

"How about 'A Chicken in Every Pot, Two Cars in Every Garage?' " I said.

"I hate chicken," Sarah said. "Except for white meat."

"Well, how about 'An All-White-Meat Chicken in Every Pot?' "

"Also, the skin is yucky," Sarah said.

I was about to alter the slogan to rule out yucky skin when I saw Abigail put her jacket on and prepare to leave. The walkout has always been one of her favorite negotiating devices. "You're not making a serious offer," she said. "I'm going outside to play."

"Zip up your jacket," I said.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

Bilingualism: A Symposium

Spanish-speaking people in the United States face racial segregation but also a linguistic segregation. Immigrants before them were urged into the linguistic melting pot, to emerge English speakers. Is this policy the best one to apply to Spanish-speaking people? Sanford Levinson leads off our seminar by asking if monolingualism still makes sense; Carey McWilliams, out of his long concern with the problems of Mexican-Americans, throws historical light on the subject. Finally, Benjamin DeMott, a professor of English, and Neil Postman, a professor of communications, take vigorous issue.

Sanford Levinson

The pledge that we are "one nation, indivisible" (let alone "with liberty and justice for all") has always masked an anxiety that the unity of the United States might rest on sand. Depending on one's ideological preferences, one can emphasize cleavage—and thus disunity—based on region, religion, class or ethnicity. Yet if there is one assumption of commonality most of us share, it is that we speak the same language. Whatever other cleavages separate us, the United States has at least been spared the linguistic conflict of countries like Canada, Belgium and India. To be "American" has meant, in this century at least, to speak English.

One of the major political issues of the 1980s will be the tenability of this assumption of a common language. *Time* magazine has pointed out that blacks are no longer this nation's largest minority group but rather brown-skinned persons of Hispanic or Puerto Rican descent. (Indeed, it is difficult even to find a common word suitable for use, since Chicano, Mexican-American, Hispanic, Cuban-American and Puerto Rican are used by different groups and carry different meanings.) And the one common attribute of many of these Americans is that they do not speak English. Southern California, South Texas and South Florida all contain many American citizens who are monolingual in Spanish. During his recent trip to Mexico City, President Carter began a speech with, "As President of the fourth largest Spanish-speaking nation. . . ." Increasingly we shall be asked whether we wish to recognize the legitimacy of such monolingualism by moving, in at least these states, to a truly bilingual polity.

Most bilingual programs are now based on the assumption that they are aids to those persons who wish (or are required) to learn English. This might be termed "instrumental" bilingualism, and the non-English language is recognized only to the extent that it aids in learning English. But it is obviously open to question whether it is legitimate to expect all American citizens to master English, especially if the numbers of Spanish speakers are large enough. One can read Spanish newspapers, listen to Spanish radio and television programs and otherwise lead a rich life in a number of American cities without needing to know the culturally dominant language.

Do we wish to encourage this? Let me suggest several forms that future controversies might take. Does government, whether state or Federal, have a duty to print its materials in Spanish as well as English? Does it deny equal protection of the laws by assuming that all American citizens are responsible for knowing English? A dozen years ago Congress casually passed a statute that had the effect of enfranchising many Puerto Rican-Americans living in New York State by making completion of six grades of Spanish-language schools in Puerto Rico sufficient to meet the literacy requirements. One doubts that such a bill would sail through so easily today. Nor should it, since at the very least we should debate the implications of such bilingualism.

In this light one might reconsider some of the issues raised by the *Bakke* case and the problem of affirmative action. The University of California Medical School at Davis gave some preference to Mexican-Americans in regard to admission. The rationale was underrepresentation of Mexican-Americans in the medical field in California. Given this rationale, no effort was made to distinguish between the claims of Mexican-Americans, blacks, Asian-Americans or Native Americans, the other beneficiaries of Davis's plan.

But consider the following proposal: Given the number of American citizens who speak only Spanish—and the relative shortage of Spanish-speaking doctors—it is thoroughly justifiable that Davis (or any other medical school) give an affirmative preference to those applicants, otherwise qualified, who score well on a language test based on the Spanish spoken, say, in Los Angeles, San Antonio or Miami. The rationale is *not* compensation for past injustice; rather, it is based on the recognition that good medical service depends on the ability of a doctor to understand the patient. If ordinary citizens are not to be required to learn English, then the state can (indeed, *must*) take this into account in allocating its resources, including medical training. It is not even unthinkable that classes be taught in Spanish—if, that is, we become a truly bilingual nation.

Racial or ethnic identity would play no part in admissions to such a program; Spanish-speaking Anglos would presumably be free to apply. It would, therefore, seem to be immune to the constitutional criticisms leveled by Justice Powell against the Davis plan in his *Bakke* opinion. But determining the

Sanford Levinson, a lawyer, teaches in the politics department of Princeton University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

constitutionality of a program does not decide its wisdom.

Conversations I have had with all manner of people from high school students to professors of law lead me to believe that few issues are more volatile than bilingualism. Almost none of the arguments that apply to affirmative action are transferable, in part because most of the advocates of affirmative action remain integrationist in their vision of America's future. To accept the premises of strong bilingualism means accepting the fact that large numbers of one's fellow citizens simply have no desire (or ability) to communicate in the most effective manner possible—the speaking of a common language. It means an ultimate rejection of the premise that we are indeed a united nation in favor of the recognition that we are a congeries of groups joined together, often uneasily, in a political alliance.

The last twenty years have not seen the triumph of a vision of one world (or even one nation); instead, we are seeing a repeat of the 19th-century infatuation with nationalism. It remains to be seen how the United States will respond to its new largest minority—or how this minority will respond to the linguistic hegemony of the majority. □

Carey McWilliams

Just as the need for bilingual programs in the schools of the Southwest was long ignored or consciously rejected—for years it was illegal to use any language other than English in the public schools in Texas—so now the possibly divisive effects of such programs are being exaggerated. To begin with, there is need to recognize what we have always been reluctant to acknowledge, namely, that the Spanish-speaking constitute a special case in the roster of American minorities for specific historical, demographic and social reasons, including the fact that the porous border between the United States and Mexico is one of the longest in the world. This unique Southwestern experience has been a major determinant of the disadvantaged status of the Spanish-speaking.

For decades the Spanish-speaking—native-born and recent immigrants alike—constituted a suppressed subclass, some of whose ancestors had been acquired as a side effect of a war of conquest. Despite the fact that the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo guaranteed certain rights to this minority, the prevailing social situation made it difficult for children from Spanish-speaking homes to enjoy equal educational opportunities. Anglo society—that is, the dominant "white" society—was unconcerned about the education of "Mexicans." In fact, educators shared the community's view of them as outsiders who were never expected to participate fully in American life. Attitudes were tinged with racial prejudice; literature emphasized the inadequacies of the child of Mexican descent. The typically low test scores of the children were considered evidence of innate intellectual inferiority, which in turn was thought to justify school segregation. Mexicans were said to be capable only of manual labor; in fact, some Anglos were afraid that education would make them "useless for farm labor" (*Mexican-Americans in School: A Decade of Change* by Dr. Thomas P. Carter and Dr. Roberto D. Segura, 1978).

Most Mexican-American students, of course, came from homes and neighborhoods in which little English was spoken. Occupational and residential segregation made for educational segregation. And even when segregation was not a matter of public policy, the quality of education in the predominantly Spanish-speaking settlements was usually inferior to that in the Anglo neighborhoods. As a result, Spanish-speaking students did not obtain and still do not obtain, except in rare instances, public education at a rate equal to that of their Anglo classmates. As the United States Commission on Civil Rights has pointed out: "Without exception, minority students (i.e., students from Spanish-speaking homes) achieve at a lower rate than Anglos: their school holding power is lower; their reading achievement is poorer; their repetition of grades is more frequent; their overageness is more prevalent, and they participate in extracurricular activities to a lesser degree than their Anglo counterparts." Not surprisingly, the dropout rate is larger and those who leave school fail to qualify for the better paying jobs, so the pattern is repeated. For years, educational theory was geared to intelligence tests that were weighted against the Spanish-speaking. The results of these tests tended to re-enforce the prevailing bias based on the stereotype of the Mexican-American.

In a word, the situation in the schools both reflected and confirmed that which prevailed in the community and in the job market. This is not to say that the schools were solely responsible for the subclass status of Mexican-Americans, or that this status can be substantially upgraded by the schools alone. A complex of factors: social bias, residential and occupational segregation, and deep-seated historical and economic considerations have made for inferior, and often unfair, educational facilities. In the field of higher education, the Spanish-speaking have suffered from neglect of long standing. In the first 100 years of its existence, the University of California could point to few Mexican-American graduates, and the Spanish-speaking were conspicuously absent from faculty rolls. Nor were separate higher educational facilities available for the Spanish-speaking as they were for blacks who had access, in theory, to more than 100 colleges and universities set up for their use, some of which were first-rate even if many were not.

In this context the concept of bilingualism has

Carey McWilliams, a former editor of The Nation, *is the author of* North From Mexico: Spanish-Speaking People of the United States *(Greenwood Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another dimension which is generally ignored. The neglect of instruction in Spanish has had serious if unacknowledged implications for Anglo students. One might have thought that educators would have seen the wisdom of stressing Spanish as a required second language for Anglo students who were to enter trades and professions and businesses in the Southwest, particularly for those who intended to become teachers. But in the past this emphasis was lacking. As a result of faulty communications, frequent, and often needless, misunderstandings between Anglos and Hispanics resulted. To cite one example: for years the Mexican-American "labor contractor," who was often a mischievous factor in labor relations, was a necessity if only because he could communicate directly with the Spanish-speaking work force. While less acute, the language problem existed for Anglos as well as for Hispanics.

With the inception of the so-called Chicano rebellion, dating from the middle 1960s and stimulated in part by the civil rights movement, school systems in the Southwest, with the aid of Federal grants, began to inaugurate bilingual programs. These grants were designed to encourage schools to offer instruction in Spanish in the early grades as a means of making it easier for the Spanish-speaking to learn English as a precondition to instruction in other subjects. Some of these programs were hastily conceived with an eye on the Federal funds. In some cases the educational establishment was not in basic sympathy with the objectives and failed to lay the proper groundwork. There was, for one thing, a marked absence of teachers prepared to conduct instruction in Spanish. There have been reports that, in a few instances, the Federal grant was simply ripped off and used for other purposes. This experience has bred a degree of disillusionment with bilingual programs among some educators in some school systems. But where proper planning has preceded their introduction, these programs have offered promise of enabling Spanish-speaking students to overcome some of the handicaps they have faced. Even so, adoption of these programs offers no substitute for the revamping of the school system which remains the basic need. For one thing, bilingual programs are available for only a small minority of students from Spanish-speaking homes.

Wherever a majority has insisted on a rigid monolingualism, it has generally meant that language was being used as a strategy for keeping the minority in its place. The effect has often been to stimulate the nationalism of minorities, as with Bretons, Basques, Catalans, French Canadians and, more pertinently perhaps, in the case of the estimated two million persons of Hungarian descent who reside in Romania (today Europe's largest national minority). If a majority wants to avoid irredentist or divisive movements, then it should opt for a policy of intelligent bilingualism as a means, first, of permitting the minority to preserve its cultural heritage and, second, of enabling it to make the best use of the official language as a means of improving its lot. Any attempt to suppress or discourage the minority's language is likely to stimulate separatist tendencies. Today we live in a world in which multilingual societies are becoming more common; the international airport has, to a degree, replaced Ellis Island as a symbol of American nationalism.

DRAWINGS BY PETER STEINER

To better understand the special problems of the Spanish-speaking, one should view them in the context of United States-Mexican relations, including the aftereffects of the Mexican-American War, an anomalous border, and the persistence of "push" and "pull" immigration factors of extraordinary potency. The fact that relatively few Anglos in the border states spoke Spanish has been and to a degree continues to be a cause of tension in these relations. And if more Spanish-speaking students had had a better chance for equal educational opportunities, the status of the minority might be more advanced than it is today. Actually, it is a mistake to assume that many Chicanos do not speak English. Most of them do and not all of them are familiar with the formal aspects of Spanish. In the border areas of Texas, where the Spanish-speaking are concentrated, Spanish-language newspapers and radio programs are quite common. But farther north more English is spoken and indeed emphasized in Spanish-speaking homes. The Spanish-speaking are not trying to stage a linguistic reconquest of the territory Mexico lost in 1848, which was about one-half of its total land area. They want to preserve, as other minorities do, a sense of their own cultural heritage which of course includes the Spanish language. Any sound idea can be carried to extremes and there may be some danger

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the emphasis on ethnic ties might contribute to the kind of divisiveness that thrives where there are not enough jobs, homes and educational opportunities for all. But this is the real problem, not bilingualism as such. □

Benjamin DeMott

Sanford Levinson's statement brings our evasiveness about this issue into clear view, and that's useful. Less useful, I think, is the slightly hedged suggestion that reasonable people should be ready now to "accept the premises of strong bilingualism. . . ." I have to admit I'm not ready. One reason why is that feeling positive about "strong bilingualism" means pretending you know a lot about child bilingualism—about, that is, the relation between language acquisition and cognitive development. (Does shuttling between languages in infancy promote, retard or have no effect upon cognitive development?) I don't think *anybody* knows a lot in this area. Developmental psycholinguists are beginning to study the subject, arranging to observe groups of bilingual kids over a period of time in settings allowing consideration of such variables as class and family. But hunch and superstition are what we're going on at the moment. It's widely assumed that integrationist pressure on parents to force an alien, culturally dominant language upon an infant is harmful to cognitive growth. But this assumption is, to my knowledge, unproved.

Another reason I hesitate has to do, inevitably, with power and mobility. If contemporary arrangements for the delivery of professional training were transformed, if radical changes were brought off in standard corporate career patterns, transfer norms and the like, locking a kid in a nondominant language culture wouldn't necessarily mean narrowing the range of life opportunities. But given present arrangements and conventions, and given in addition the short supply of first-rate teachers of academic subjects who are competent in any language other than English, the "premises of strong bilingualism" seem to me likely to entail further reduction of job and social mobility for minorities.

I understand that "large numbers of [my] fellow citizens simply have no desire (or ability) to communicate in . . . a common language." I also understand that the priggishness and complacency of the dominant culture in ignoring this state of things should be repugnant to everybody who thinks. But running on from the repugnance to an undeliberated vision of our linguistic future feels wrong to me. We need a guarantee that isolation in the noncommon language won't sharply diminish the economic and political power of the people who are thus isolated, and I don't see anybody in position at this hour to offer that guarantee—except in a highly cynical spirit. □

Benjamin DeMott is professor of English at Amherst College.

Neil Postman

About Sanford Levinson's bilingual article: I can tell from the big words he uses, like "cleavage" and "hegemony," that Levinson of Princeton is an intellectual. I can also tell this because he says he wants to clarify our thinking about the forms that future controversies might take, which is what intellectuals do for us. On the other hand, Levinson is not well equipped for the task. Here is an example: After telling us that a lot of Americans speak Spanish and that it is obviously questionable whether it is legitimate to expect them to speak English, he says, "One can read Spanish newspapers, listen to Spanish radio and television programs and otherwise lead a rich life in a number of American cities without needing to know the culturally dominant language." If we take "rich" to mean "interesting" or "fulfilling," this sentence is true but irrelevant. Illiterates can lead rich lives. Deaf people can lead rich lives. All sorts of people who cannot do certain things can lead rich lives. So? If we take "rich" to mean "having lots of money," the sentence is relevant but largely untrue. People who live in America and who do not speak English have a lot of trouble making money. Levinson ought to have figured this out. Would he have got through law school if he didn't know English? Would he have passed his bar examination? Would Princeton have hired him to teach politics? Would *The Nation* have published his article?

What is Levinson, I wonder, talking about? There is no "legitimate question" about whether Spanish children need to know English. They need to know English so that they can make some money, go to college, go to law school and write articles for *The Nation*, just like Levinson, the lawyer from Princeton. The only question is how best to achieve this. Some say through bilingual classes. Some say by immersing the children in all-English classes.

Can Levinson shed some light on that question? No. Instead, he introduces the *Bakke* case for discussion. He might just as well have brought up the Dreyfus case or the Sacco-Vanzetti case, or even the Alger Hiss case, all of which are more interesting than the *Bakke* case and have about as much to do with the bilingual issue.

As for Levinson's question about whether or not we might become a "truly bilingual polity," I think this can safely be ignored. Since there is no possibility of its happening, I take this to be a question that Levinson has posed to amuse himself and stimulate his mind, in the way some people like to ponder what could have happened to Amelia Earhart. He may even have raised it so that he would have a chance to use the word "polity," which possibility would certainly be pardonable. □

Neil Postman is professor of media ecology in the School of Education at New York University. He is the author of Teaching as a Subversive Activity *and many other books.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROLLING BACK *BERUFSVERBOT*

West German McCarthyism

MARTIN OPPENHEIMER

The growing opposition to West Germany's McCarthyite loyalty program, known as *Berufsverbot*, under which "security risks" are banned from Government jobs, received a boost earlier last year when Hamburg's Mayor Hans-Ulrich Klose, a Social Democrat, proposed that current practices be changed. The "rollback" proposal received widespread publicity and has elicited extensive discussion in local and national legislative bodies and in the press. It has since become virtually the official party line. What Klose proposed was little more than a face lift that would leave in place the essence of *Berufsverbot*. Membership in organizations deemed antagonistic to the Constitution would not be sufficient, by itself, to bar candidacy for a job; only concrete "anti-constitutional" acts, which are defined to include, however, the advocacy of violence, would be considered, and such "acts" must have come to the attention of the authorities in the normal course of events and not because of special investigations by the political police (*Verfassungsschutz*), and finally, extensive security checks would be conducted only for applicants for security-sensitive jobs.

Klose's proposals were immediately interpreted by opposition Christian Democrats as giving Communists a "license" to teach and otherwise infiltrate the Government. On the eve of the October 7 elections in Hesse, the Hessian Christian Democratic Union chief, Dregger, said that "anybody who wants to create a regime here like that in East Berlin, and that's what a Communist wants, has no business teaching." Dregger seemed so frightened of Communist infiltration of the schools that in a TV interview he let slip that he would rather have a Communist be a police officer than a teacher. This enabled opposing Free Democratic candidates to accuse Dregger of "issuing an invitation to Communists to infiltrate the police." Despite this farcical exchange, the Social Democratic-Free Democratic coalition managed to maintain control of the Hessian legislature, a lesson probably not lost on other Social Democrats in West Germany.

On October 9, 1978, a massive demonstration in support of a fired teacher named Hans Apel took place in West Berlin. Some 12,000 people, the largest turnout ever in the city for such an event, gathered in Deutschlandhalle to hear, among others, Pastor Heinrich Albertz, former Mayor of West Berlin, several trade union representatives, and speakers for one Berlin section of the Free Democratic Party attack *Berufsverbot* practices and demand Apel's reinstatement. The event was actually covered in the press, in contrast to most public manifestations against West German McCarthyism.

Apel, a member of the Socialist Unity Party of West Berlin (the thinly disguised local variant of the old German Communist Party, now called the D.K.P. in the Federal Republic), had been dismissed despite a sterling record of ten years' service. Students, parents and school authorities all agreed that he had been an exemplary teacher and that his political views had not altered his teaching. Yet there was a suspicion that some day he might behave differently. Thus his tenure and job were revoked.

On October 13, possibly with the results of the Hessian election and the big Berlin turnout in mind, Berlin's Chief Mayor Stobbe, a Social Democrat, joined the rollback forces. The Berlin Free Democratic Party chairman, Vetter, supported Stobbe, stating that outside Germany people were having a hard time understanding how the Federal Republic, which had so many grounds for self-confidence, could be so frightened by the thought that a couple of Communists might end up working in Government.

The upshot of these criticisms of *Berufsverbot* practices from both right and left is that the federal Cabinet in Bonn moved, on January 18, to abolish routine loyalty security checks on *all* federal job applicants, limiting investigations to cases where hard evidence already exists raising loyalty doubts. This does not, however, affect state and local jobs. Moreover, it assumes that the *Verfassungsschutz* will continue to monitor political activity, for how else could pre-existing "evidence" appear? The basic effect of this "liberalization" is to cut investigatory costs; the social cost remains much the same, in inhibiting the willingness of potential job applicants to take public stands which might result in a police dossier.

Despite this apparent softening of the loyalty investigation program in the civil service, civil liberties in West Germany seem to be in continued, and perhaps growing, jeopardy. Three West Berlin printers were jailed without bail in November 1977 and, with a fourth colleague, put on trial in April 1978 for advocating violence, criminal acts and disturbance of the peace, and for supporting a terrorist organization. A fifth person, fiancee of one of the four, was jailed for contempt of court in early October 1978. A separate trial, still underway, involves Peter Weydemann, the editor of a book containing articles critical of the prison system, which were written mainly by inmates of Berlin's Tegel Prison. Weydemann is charged with "defaming the state and its officials." The printers, who were not charged with the actual commission of any of the acts they allegedly advocated, or with being members of a terrorist organization, faced

Martin Oppenheimer is associate professor of sociology at Livingston College, Rutgers University. He was a visiting professor at the Free University of Berlin in 1976, and has recently returned from another visit to Germany.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sentences of up to a dozen years each. In early February 1979 they were convicted and sentenced, three getting one year and the fourth nine months, with time off for the "investigatory arrest" period.

Both trials, according to supporters of the defendants, show that censorship exists in West Germany despite a constitutional clause forbidding it. They point out that the Constitution contains a loophole permitting legislation limiting "the right to express and disseminate one's opinions in word, writing and pictures freely." That right has gradually become a farce. There have been dozens of police raids on printers, bookstores, publishers and scores of indictments, including the so-called Buback obituary case, and the "Bommi" Baumann affair.

In the obituary case, a leftist student newspaper published an "obituary" in April 1977, following the assassination of Chief Federal Prosecutor Buback, discussing the merits and demerits of terrorism. The newspaper's offices and the offices of other leftist organizations at the University of Goettingen were raided. Following this massive police action, some three dozen professors plus a handful of other professionals reissued the "obituary" in pamphlet form "in the interest of open discussion." All signers faced civil service administrative or criminal charges, or both. Although some states dropped the charges, in others and in West Berlin they are still being pressed. The defendants in the printers' case printed the issue of a leftist newspaper that contained the text of the Buback obituary, and were charged with advocating violence. By contrast, those responsible for reissuing it in pamphlet form in Berlin are accused only of insulting the state in their introduction, in which they criticized Government censorship.

In the other affair, a book called *How It All Began* by an ex-terrorist named "Bommi" Baumann was banned by several courts which applied the same provisions in the criminal code that were applied in the Berlin printers case. Bookstores carrying the book, the publisher's house and the printer were raided and materials (including some not connected to the book) seized. The book has since been illegally reprinted, with a long list of distinguished "responsible editors" added, serving as a kind of declaration of conscience. No police action has been taken thus far. Baumann is still underground, wanted on a variety of charges related to his earlier terrorist activities. It should be noted that both Baumann and the authors of the "obituary" repudiated the use of terrorism and violence.

The story of the printers is instructive, and probably intended to be so by West German authorities. Back in 1969, a printers' collective was initially organized to provide printing services for a variety of grass-roots groups in West Berlin, mainly neighborhood groups sponsoring educational reform and alternate schools. Gradually it was expanded to cover other "nonpartisan" groups working in the areas of neighborhood improvements, union reform, university affairs and prison reform. The printing collective called itself Agit-Druck.

In April 1974 the neighborhood-level groups, after a period devoted to regularly held political discussions, decided to publish jointly a newspaper, which would publicize their activities and serve as a forum. They called the paper *Info-BUG* (*B*erlin *U*ndogmatic *G*roups). Agit-Druck became the printer for this, as well as for many other movement publications. It assumed no responsibility for content. In turn, *Info-BUG*, which saw itself as an eclectic newspaper of the nondogmatic left, published virtually anything sent in, including debates over anarchism, terrorism, etc., and the announcements and manifestoes of groups analogous to America's Weather Underground.

It was this volatile combination that led to legal trouble, specifically the arrest in November 1977 and indictment of the four Agit-Druck "heavies" (they were the "legally responsible" quasi-owners) for violating sections of the criminal code that prohibit the advocacy of violence, criminal acts and disturbance of the peace, and supporting terrorist organizations. The printers, two of whom no longer belonged to the collective when they were arrested because of the group's rule limiting the length of membership, were held criminally responsible for statements appearing in the newspaper they printed, whether in the form of articles, columns, debates, letters to the editor, announcements or whatever. In effect, the law requires that not only printers but editors, distributors, store managers, warehouse supervisors—even salespeople—censor all printed matter with which they deal in any form.

Three of the four printers were refused bail for nearly a year on the ground that since they had lived collectively and had no real social standing in the community, they were likely to flee. The fifth defendant, a woman, was held in solitary confinement during this period of "investigatory arrest" (a not unusual procedure) until she was released because of ill health.

By early October 1978 the trial was being held on a twice-a-week basis playing to relatively full houses, but the judge refused to move the case to a larger room. He also cited a woman witness for contempt after she refused to answer certain questions. She claimed immunity because she had become engaged to one of the defendants, but the judge simply refused to recognize the validity of the engagement. The imprisoned were also refused access to a variety of publications on the ground that such documents vilified the criminal justice system and, in one case (that of a "children's calendar"), contained pornographic materials. All this was prior to indictment, much less conviction. There is no coverage of this case in the "straight" press, nor has the union of writers and printers taken a position. The head of West German P.E.N., however, did testify for the defendants.

Meanwhile, Peter Weydemann went on trial on October 6, 1978, in the same building in West Berlin. Because he was the "responsible editor" of a book of documents, most of which were written by inmates of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tegel Prison, he was charged with defaming the state and its officials. In the summer of 1977 a group of volunteers supporting prison reform had joined together and published, under Weydemann's name, a book entitled *Freedom of the Press and Information in Jail: A Documentation*. The volume included the first five issues, complete, of a prisoner newspaper, *Durchblick* (roughly, Vistas), plus some inmate letters and correspondence from prison officials. Aside from a brief introduction, there was no further editorial comment. Nevertheless, the book had the impact of an expose because it contrasted harsh prison realities with what was required by law.

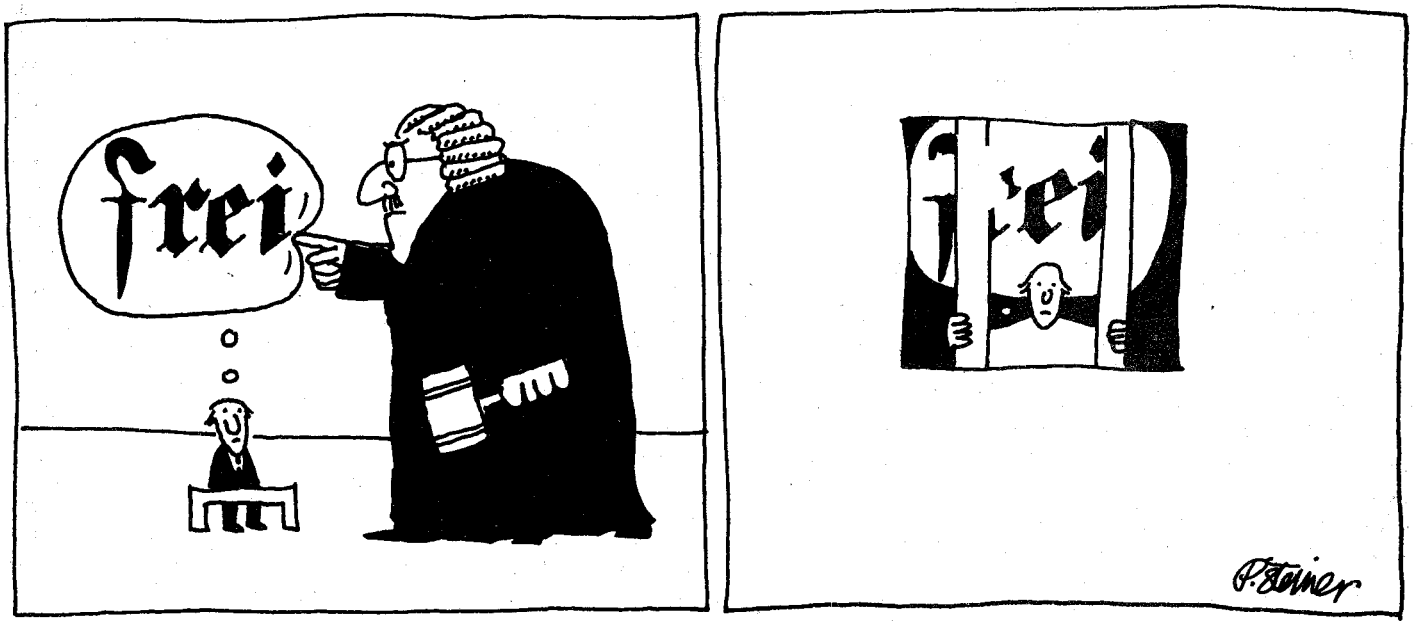
Shortly after publication was scheduled, word got out that the offending collection was to be confiscated by police. Then, apparently, some informal negotiations were held and the Berlin Minister for Justice agreed to let the matter rest if the names of prison employees accused by inmates of violating prison procedures were blacked out. This was done, and plans proceeded for publication and distribution.

Nevertheless, a day later, indictment proceedings against Weydemann began. The grounds were defamation of the state and insulting its officials. According to Weydemann's supporters, the indictment is intended by authorities to prevent further publication of materials which demonstrate that in West Berlin prison conditions are catastrophic and violate the language in the West German Constitution calling for the protection of "human worth." According to prisoners, the Constitution has become a "farce," insofar as prisons are concerned. The prison reform movement is, moreover, fairly sizable, and Weydemann's group views attempts to censor its publications as part of a larger effort to undermine all grassroots campaigns for reform and social justice.

There was not a word about the commencement of this trial in the straight press of West Berlin. Virtually the only coverage of the case was in a biweekly, semi-hippie entertainment roundup magazine, *Zitty*, which also publishes a calendar of political trials open to the public—of which there are more than a few, including a libel case being brought by the "respectable" *TagesSpiegel* against . . . *Zitty*. The latter had a parody in its pages poking fun at *TagesSpiegel*, which *Zitty* called *TagesSpitzel* (Daily Stoolpigeon).

Even West German attorneys are having trouble with security laws. In 1974, pending the trial of several accused Baader-Meinhof terrorists, the criminal code was amended to allow a judge to remove a defense lawyer if there was an "urgent suspicion" that the attorney was aiding in the client's criminal act, or was "misusing communication . . . for the purpose of endangering the security of [the prison]." Another provision of the new code prevents an attorney from representing more than one client in the same trial, or even in different trials if the cases are related. This effectively prevents common defenses (e.g., in arrests following a demonstration) and makes attorney fees prohibitively high, even assuming enough attorneys can be found.

Two weeks before the terrorist trial was to begin, three attorneys were judicially removed from the case—one of them because he had circulated a set of defense documents among his clients (which was difficult to avoid since they were being held in separate isolation cells). This attorney, Kurt Groenewald, was subsequently disbarred. Following a trial early in 1978, he was readmitted to the bar but not before being handed a two-year suspended sentence and fined DM 75,000. His telephone, it developed, had been tapped for three years; 20,000 conversations had been taped. Although illegal at the time, such a procedure has been permissible since a February 1978 law permitting surveillance of calls to a lawyer suspected of supporting a criminal organization. The 1978 revision also requires citizens to establish their identity upon demand or face being held by police for up to twelve hours, even though no crime is involved. It permits mass identity checks (roadblocks) and total



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

building searches (as distinct from single apartments) on suspicion that a criminal is hiding out.

In September 1977, following the kidnapping of Hanns Martin Schleyer, industrialist and former Nazi official, the Federal Parliament rushed through further revisions in the criminal code. With a haste termed "unprecedented for a law of this significance" (since the Third Reich) by the Federal Attorneys' Chamber, and over its objections to some sections, the changes went into effect on October 1. Known as the "Incommunicado Law," it allows holding a suspect in isolation (and barring visits from an attorney) for up to thirty days without a hearing, and for successive thirty-day periods, with court approval, if authorities find that the prisoner endangers others by being party to a terrorist plot. The law also applies to convicted terrorists, and to those jailed on other charges when there is "pressing suspicion" that the offense was connected to terrorism. Since suspected terrorists are presumably on trial because they are dangerous and have conspired in the past, long stretches of solitary prior to trial have become virtually a norm, as in the Agit-Druck case. (Indeed, the practice long preceded the new law. Ulrike Meinhof presumably committed suicide in May 1976 after forty-three months of "investigatory arrest," much of it in solitary, some of it under sensory deprivation.)

The effect of these changes on attorneys is to make them think twice before defending an unpopular client lest some judge or prison official, because of a vague suspicion, begin proceedings resulting in disbarment or worse. As for the general population, or at least those—probably a minority—who do not approve of the Government's position, the effect is at least equally chilling.

The situation described here is obviously trivial when compared with, say, Iran or Argentina—or East Germany, as defenders of the Federal Republic love to point out. Yet the very legality of political repression in West Germany, its integration into the framework of a parliamentary democracy, gives one pause. If the objective of *Berufsverbot* and other laws was to stop terrorism, it has not worked. Terrorists do not apply for jobs in the civil service; West Germany continues to have a handful of terrorists against whom the police seem relatively helpless. If the objective was to discourage protest movements, the policy has failed. A movement against political repression has formed and is growing. Other movements (especially the antinuclear "Greens") are developing. The rollback, in which repression is concealed in a more polite guise is one reaction; but conservatives have reacted by demanding still harsher measures than those in force today. The outcome is uncertain.

Either way, West Germany, as a "model" of functioning democratic capitalism, harbors a working apparatus of political repression. The "model" is spreading to other Western European, social democratically oriented countries, where police budgets are also accelerating rapidly, even without the excuse of terrorism. Is this because impending economic crisis has led national power structures to a "preemptive repression" of dissenters, organizers of labor unrest and others increasingly likely to be excluded from a shrinking prosperity? Or is there something inherent in planned capitalism ordaining that planning must necessarily extend to the realm of individual rights? The West German "model" may help us answer these and related questions, and thereby assist us in defending our own rights.

At the same time, the light of publicity itself can inhibit attacks on civil liberties in a nation professing strong support for human rights—a support that is incorporated in the German Constitution itself. It becomes embarrassing for a "model" democracy to be exposed as repressive. The model is, today, under scrutiny for many reasons. Others will be likely to emulate it according to how successful it is—including its success at repressing dissent. The defense of democracy in West Germany, therefore, is indirectly the defense of democracy in the West.

UNEMPLOYMENT PAYOFF

How Business Profits From Inflation

PAUL ROSENSTIEL

American business has discovered a new, risk-free way to make more money: simply raise prices, then sit back and profit by inflation. This corporate strategy explains, among other things, why the long-delayed boom in capital spending, which the last economic recovery was supposed to produce, failed to materialize. Instead of investing record earnings in new plant or increased production, business simply soaked up its profits. Now these profits are being further sweetened by the corporate tax breaks the last Congress handed out in the mistaken idea that lackluster earning sheets were to blame for the chronically anemic investment picture.

The final misreading of the supposed high-profits equal-more-investment equation came when President Carter's new budget proposed to cut the deficit by economizing on job-creating social welfare programs. He thus endorsed unemployment as a way of cutting a deficit that diminished corporation taxes contribute to. And in so doing, Carter gave a new twist to the persistent belief—enshrined graphically in the economists' Phillips Curve—that there is a trade-off between inflation and unemployment.

Paul Rosenstiel is a writer on labor and economics who is currently writing a book on unemployment in America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The President, of course, based his policy on the venerable economic folklore that Federal deficits cause inflation and tax cuts stimulate business and create jobs. The received wisdom is wrong on both counts. What tax cuts and deficit reductions do is raise profits while throwing people out of work. What they do not do is solve the problems of inflation and inadequate investment.

Other things being equal, as economists like to say, companies invest in new plant and equipment with money generated by profits or with money they get from others—by borrowing or selling new shares of stock. Corporate leaders claim that there is a shortage of funds from both sources. They argue that low profits and high taxes make new investment out of profits both difficult and unattractive. Lending institutions and stock market investors, likewise, become tightfisted when the opportunity for a good return is bleak. And large-scale Government borrowing to finance deficits sops up other investment money, making it harder than ever for corporations to find a lender. These justifications have the dazzling beauty of a Euclidean theorem to business leaders looking for taxpayer-financed handouts. But they do little to explain the slow growth in capital spending.

In the first place, profits are not low. After-tax corporate profits rose 174 percent between early 1975, the trough of the last recession, and September 1978. Corporations increased the share of the gross national product that they received in profits by 86 percent. It is true that profits as a share of the gross national product have generally declined over the last twenty years, but to focus on corporate profits alone is to ignore the more important increase in the return on all money used by corporations. Massachusetts Institute of Technology economist Lester Thurow has shown that more and more corporate growth is financed with borrowed money, and thus the increased interest payments to lenders have more than compensated for any decline in dividends from profits paid out to stockholders.

Thurow examined three periods of time: two that he considered similar, 1947-53 and 1966-73, and the recession years between 1974 and 1976. While net profits to stockholders, as a percentage of the gross national product, dropped from 4.8 to 4.1 percent between the first and second periods, the net capital return—the total of profits and interest paid to lenders—grew from 5.1 to 5.6 percent. Although net capital return dipped to 4.5 percent during 1974-76, this was caused by the recession. Using a computer model of the economy, Thurow estimated that if the economy in that last period had operated at the same capacity as it had in the second, net capital return would have been 6.2 percent of the gross national product, or higher than in either of the two previous periods.

Thus, return on investment has remained sufficiently high to attract widows and flint-hearted bankers. At the same time, Federal corporate profit taxes have declined. Corporations are bearing an ever-smaller share of the cost of Government. Corporate profit taxes accounted for 22 percent of Federal revenues in the fiscal years of the 1960s, but dropped to 16 percent in the 1970s (including the Administration's projections for the current year). As a percentage of the gross national product, these taxes declined from 4.1 to 3.2 percent through these years.

A partial explanation for this comes from economic analysts on the staff of Representative Charles Vanik. Since 1969, staff accountants have made annual surveys of the actual—rather than legal—rate at which corporations pay taxes. Because of various loopholes and deductions, the effective corporate tax rate is well below the 48 percent statutory rate that prevailed in the years studied. And it kept on declining through the mid-1970s. The 168 large companies studied in 1976 paid Federal taxes at an average rate of only 13 percent on their profits worldwide, a drop from 28.6 percent in 1972.

As for the shortage of investment funds business spokesmen complain of, corporations are virtually drowning in cash these days. A *Business Week* survey of 545 large corporations found their cash holdings climbed 67.5 percent between the end of 1973 and March 1978. And, despite Federal borrowing to finance the deficit, companies have little trouble raising money if they need it. "Even if companies were running low on cash," reported *Business Week*, "external financing is still readily available."

And so for nonfinancial corporations, funds generated by profits together with money obtained exter-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nally (primarily through borrowing) rose, from an average of 11.8 percent of the gross national product in the 1960s to 12.6 percent in the 1970s. The conclusion is inescapable. The money is there if corporations want to invest. But they don't. They don't need to. Record profits have been made through inflation, rather than production.

In a free enterprise economy, in which monopolies do not wield monopoly price-setting power, higher profits must be made through increased production. But in the 1970s, increased production has played a decidedly smaller role in creating the record profits than in previous decades. Putting it another way, less new production has generated far greater profits than at any time in the past.

Since World War II, there have been five recoveries lasting three years or more—two during the 1970s and three previously. In the first three years of the earlier recoveries, industrial production, on the average, increased 29 percent while real (inflation-adjusted) after-tax corporate profits grew 24 percent. But in this decade's recoveries, production grew only 23 percent while profits climbed a dizzying 78 percent. And monopoly pricing is largely responsible for these sharply higher profits.

V. Lewis Bassie, director of the Bureau of Economic and Business Research at the University of Illinois, showed that the Government's attempt to pull the economy out of the recession with deficit spending provides corporations with an opportunity to siphon off profits from the deficit—"no matter to whom the payments are first made"—by means of monopoly pricing. As Bassie wrote, "Businessmen do not have to appeal for aid; they can make their own aid as long as they retain the freedom to set prices where they please . . . and by this means . . . profit even when operations are far below capacity." But such profits "achieved through inflation" will not be invested in new plant or equipment, Bassie noted, because "when they can be earned from present facilities without risk, there is no point in risking expensive new investment outlays."

Although business leaders are able to profit without directly appealing for Government aid, they do even better when they make a fuss—witness the wide variety of tax breaks for corporations and wealthy individuals Congress enacted last year at business's behest: a corporate tax rate cut, a permanent investment tax credit and a reduction in capital gains taxation. To prevent these tax breaks from enlarging the Federal deficit and to cloud corporations' responsibility for inflation, business leaders have joined in launching a second strike against Government spending and "inflationary" deficits.

When examined more closely, however, these criticisms of deficits are unfounded. It is true that the bare numbers show the Federal debt is rising. The total amount of money the Federal Government owed the public grew two and a half times between 1945 and 1978. But as a percentage of the gross national product, outstanding Federal debt dropped from 119 percent in 1945 to 26 percent in 1974, then climbed only to 30 percent last year. In contrast, corporate debt has grown from 40 percent of the gross national product in 1945 to a whopping 87 percent in 1974.

Actually, an increase in corporate debt is just as potentially inflationary as is an increase in the Federal debt. To prevent interest rates from climbing when borrowing demand is high, the Federal Reserve can and often does expand the money supply. This helps borrowers, but as is well known, also breeds inflation. Contrary to business propaganda, the growth of corporate debt has been a far more potent cause of inflation than the Federal debt. In 1974, when prices rose faster than in any other year after World War II, corporate debt as a percentage of the gross national product also achieved its postwar peak; Federal debt, however, was at a low.

A second drawback of Federal deficits is that, although they are needed to combat unemployment during recessions, they should disappear as the economy recovers. By this doctrine, President Carter's projected 1980 budget deficit has been damned as excessive. Actually, considering the Administration's assumption of 6.2 percent unemployment, this deficit is small. Eight times since World War II the Government has dealt with lower unemployment rates with bigger deficits, and kept price increases under the Administration's predicted 6.9 percent for fiscal 1980. Compared with Carter's projected 1980 deficit, which on a national income basis comes to 1 percent of the gross national product, deficits in the previous eight years averaged 1.5 percent while unemployment averaged 4.7 percent. And this combination failed to spark inflation. Price increases averaged only 1.8 percent a year.

The low deficit President Carter plans for 1980 clearly involves little danger of fueling inflation. But, taken with the new tax cuts in business's favor, it also sacrifices any chances that Government policy will reduce unemployment. Consider the reduction in the maximum corporate-profit tax rate from 48 to 46 percent. This reduction, though promoted as a spur to investment and employment, is an exceedingly wasteful use of the Government's taxing and spending powers at a time when profits are high but six million people remain unemployed. A 1976 Library of Congress study found a tax cut of this type to be highly inefficient at inducing new investment. For every dollar in revenues the Treasury would forgo and corporations would save, a mere 4 cents would be invested. The other 96 cents would be a "windfall" to the corporations. Such a tax cut would generate relatively few jobs. Since 1960, each $135,000 (in 1980 dollars, based on the Administration's inflation projection) spent by private employers on new plant has been able to create only one new job. Since this tax cut will save corporations $5.3 billion in fiscal 1980, about 1,600 new jobs will result. If that money were taxed and spent for public service jobs, however, far

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more Americans could be put to work. Each job created in the anti-recession component of the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act will cost $3,500 in fiscal 1980. At that price, $5.3 billion could create 558,000 jobs—350 times as many as through the corporate tax cut. But rather than being expanded, these jobs will be slashed by 158,000 to help pay for the corporations' windfall tax break. To people who are unemployed, the idea that there is a choice between the Government creating 1,600 jobs or 558,000 must seem cruel. How much more cruel it is, then, when, given a choice that involved equal budget deficits, Congress and the President opt for 1,600 jobs.

The anti-big-Government ideology that dictates that choice is unfounded. The problem to tackle is not big Government but big business. Since profit-boosting sweeteners won't coax investment and jobs from the private sector, the Government itself must meet the responsibility. Stricter taxation of business combined with serious job-creation efforts would reduce both the deficit and unemployment. □

LETTER FROM MOZAMBIQUE

The View From a Front-Line State

WILLIAM MEYERS

A recent trip to Mozambique and Tanzania offered me an unusual opportunity for measuring preconceptions against the reality of life in the black nations of southern Africa. In Mozambique, a people who had been oppressed for 500 years has demonstrated, less than two years after independence, that "the degree of national mobilization and national purpose attained here is great and may be more durable than anything black Africa has known," as *The New York Times* put it. Our group, made up of people in law, medicine and education, sought to learn how a young, impoverished nation could maintain its courage and integrity in the midst of a struggle for majority rule elsewhere in southern Africa and despite its dependence on aid from several of the great powers as well as its trade with South Africa.

Our arrival in Maputo, the capital of Mozambique, provided the first jolt to our expectations. Western press reports had led us to anticipate a city inhabited by a sullen, badly clothed, hostile and downtrodden people. Instead we found ourselves in a beautiful, modern city with wide, tree-lined avenues, tall, well-designed office buildings, apartment houses and handsome homes occupied by people who before the liberation had been required to live in shacks outside the city limits.

Of course, after centuries of deprivation, living conditions are still rather straitened. The departed Portuguese colonials took with them the vehicles that were necessary to a distribution system serving approximately ten million people in a country almost ten times the size of Portugal. This helps explain the long queues we saw, from time to time, of people lining up to buy meat, fish or other necessaries. The Portuguese drove off with all their taxis, as well, so we had to ride the crowded buses. We sat next to neatly dressed, thin but sturdy young mothers whose well-fed, clean, contented babies rode in slings on their backs. We stood jammed in with workers during rush hours. Never did we experience any hostility toward whites. There was only a good-natured curiosity about us along with frequent amusement at our language problems and our awkwardness while jumping into or out of moving buses.

Our visit to a communal village in Marraguero, about 30 miles north of Maputo, wrought more havoc with received ideas. We had expected to see a community somewhat like the "strategic villages" in war-torn areas, inhabited by a cheerless, subjugated and hostile population. But after a long walk through fertile fields, we suddenly came upon the entire community at work on the superstructure for a large cistern, part of their new water system. Men and women shared in all the tasks—digging, hauling rocks, mixing cement, planning the next moves. Everyone was enjoying a mutually satisfying job. Adults and children were cheerful and healthy. They were eager to show us their many accomplishments: a large variety of crops, numbers of rabbits and poultry, farm buildings, a new school. When we asked our hosts for an interview with some of the women in order to learn more about their role in this society, several intelligent, forthright women came forward to describe the improvements in their lives since liberation. We were also told about the activities of a state-established agency, the Organization of Mozambican Women, which has been charged with the task of securing equality for women.

As of March 1978, according to Government figures, more than 1,500 communal villages have been established with an estimated population of one and a half million Mozambicans. Quite an extraordinary feat, if the communal village we visited was at all typical.

Myriad problems remain. On the debit side is a formidable bureaucratic structure which the Portuguese left behind as they took off with everything that was not nailed down. On the credit side are, among other things, the establishment of a free national health system in a few short years, even though 90 percent of the doctors left after liberation; and an ed-

William Meyers is a lawyer practicing in New York City and was an organizer of the Lawyers' Committee on American Policy Toward Vietnam. He has recently returned from a trip to Mozambique and Tanzania.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ucational system that is open to all, in contrast to the exclusive schools under colonial rule.

Changes in Tanzania are not as startling since it was liberated fifteen years ago, but it is clear that there too a regime directed by native leaders has matters well in hand. The leaders believe in victory within a year or two in Namibia and Zimbabwe and in the not-too-distant future in South Africa. They are certain that these victories will come even though "the British and Americans are not serious" in their support of majority rule.

At an important conference of foreign ministers of thirty nonaligned states in Maputo (about which, despite its importance, not a word has appeared in the American press), speaker after speaker charged that the Western powers, particularly the United States, were illegally supplying planes, arms and oil to the enemies of liberation. The Rhodesian Air Force, for example, consists mainly of American-made planes such as the Agusta-Bell-205 Iroquois helicopters and Cessna-375 aircraft, among many others. These planes have been shipped to the illegal Rhodesian regime in violation of United Nations' sanctions formally agreed to by the United States. The United States Treasury Department has been more than lax in examining illegal deliveries of oil to Rhodesia by American concerns. As for the American mercenaries in Rhodesia, we all found it impossible to understand our Government's failure to prosecute these men who have openly admitted their participation in the war in contravention of laws that prohibit American citizens from recruiting for or enlisting in foreign armed forces.

The struggle for freedom in southern Africa is not that much different from our own American Revolution—colonialist oppression, use of mercenaries, violent change and all the rest. We owe southern Africans the same right to be free, despite our business investments and our grand diplomatic strategies and spheres of influence. □

Hegemony

(Continued from Front Cover)

sive peoples of Manchuria (which the Chinese justifiably prefer to call the Northeast, since even the Manchus never had a term meaning "Manchu-land").

(2) In this multinational world, the state power was at times held by one of the minority peoples. This means that the "conquests" of China by the Mongols in the 13th century and the Manchus in the 17th century were not conquests resulting from invasions by foreigners: they were the outcome of civil wars within an already existing polity.

(3) By corollary, the Chinese themselves, in more than 2,000 years, never engaged in imperialism—an interpretation that will raise the eyebrows of most historians, Marxist or non-Marxist.

(4) On the other hand, the Russians have always been imperialists, conquering and exploiting non-Slavs whose cultural heritage and political evolution had nothing in common with the history of the Russians themselves.

Here the Chinese neglect a phenomenon of primary importance. Nineteenth-century travelers, especially the British, when commenting on Russian relations with Asian peoples, remark over and over again on Russian "racial tolerance." This "tolerance," I think, can be accounted for by the fact that in South Russia there was for centuries an ebb and flow of war and of periods in which Slavs were ruled by Turkish-speaking peoples, alternating with periods in which Turkish tribes were ruled by Russians. After each turn of fortune, the sons of chiefs on the winning side took as wives the daughters of defeated chiefs, while commoners often intermarried with commoners. It was out of this alternation that there developed a Russian attitude toward ethnicity that had more to do with class than with "race." No wonder that British travelers were astonished. Quite a few aristocratic Russian families were proud of their partly "Tatar" descent, and the great poet Pushkin had a maternal great-grandfather who was an Abyssinian general in the Russian service, ennobled by Peter the Great. No Peer of the Realm in the House of Lords ever boasted that on one side he was descended from an Indian Rajah.

While the Chinese of today postulate a multinational polity of which the beginning is not known, which is assumed always to have existed (and the Kuomintang in its day made the same assumption), there is also a differentiation that has been observed throughout history: the peoples north of the Great Wall have always been classified as *wai*, "outer," and the Chinese within the Great Wall as *nei*, "inner," with the "outer" undisguisedly rated as barbarous and the "inner" claiming a monopoly of civilization. China's Great Wall has always been the symbol of this inner-outer division, and like the garrisoned Rhine-Danube *Limes* of the Roman Empire, it has always been thought of as defending civilization against barbarism.

This emphasis on defense makes it necessary to state a simple, opposing truth: neither Chinese nor Romans, retreating in the face of aggressive barbarians, dug in on a fortified line to save civilization. On the contrary, Chinese and Romans, each exploiting a geographical environment that had recognizable characteristics, built up the highest civilizations of their times. They expanded to take in all the terrain that could be profitably exploited by the techniques they already had, until they reached a zone—the depths of Mongolia, the depths of Germany—which because of costs of transportation and distances from

Owen Lattimore, emeritus professor, was the founding professor of the department of Chinese studies at the University of Leeds, England, and is a Foreign Member of the Academy of Sciences of the Mongolian People's Republic. He is a visiting professor for the spring term at Rutgers University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

metropolitan markets could not be integrated with the urban-rural *oikumene*. Further expansion would mean diminishing returns—too much military expenditure, too little additional revenue. That was where they dug in and why they dug in. Their "defense lines" were in fact the limits which they themselves set on their own expansion.

It was in this phase that "barbarian aggression" began, as a secondary phenomenon. The barbarians wanted all the products of civilization that they could get, but they did not have enough purchasing power. Civilization would take from them gold and a few luxury articles (fine-quality furs, jade, amber), but these did not make for bulk trade, and pre-industrial civilization had only a limited demand for the barbarian surplus production of skins and hides, livestock and wool. Unable to buy all they wanted, the barbarians tried to get as much as they could by force—border raids, blackmail, invasion and conquest from time to time. The Chinese and Roman response to the barbarian response was to lay on an occasional military incursion to "teach the natives a lesson" (a formula that is coming into use again today); to enlist some barbarians as mercenaries (as the British enlisted trans-frontier Gurkhas and Pathans in special regiments of the Indian Army); to grant one tribe favorable treatment in order to stir up the jealousy of another tribe. The Roman formula was *divide et impera*; the Chinese formula was *i i chih i*, "use barbarians to control barbarians."

It was in the vague northern reaches of what is now being presented to us as the multinational Chinese polity that the Russians began to appear in the late 1500s and increasingly in the 17th century. Who were these Russians? Here the Soviet historians have not made the clear case that ought to be made. The early Europeans, beginning with the Jesuits, and the Russians themselves, had no doubt that China had been conquered by non-Chinese, the Manchus. An early Jesuit wrote a history of the conquest under the title *De bello Tartarico*. Rather soon, however, both Europeans and Russians began referring to a Chinese Empire and an Emperor of China. The frontier peoples, however, never accepted this blurring. For them it was quite clear that the Manchus had separately conquered China, Mongolia and Tibet, and ruled them, indeed, to the very end, under separate sets of bureaucratic institutions. With the overturning of the Manchu throne in 1911, therefore, Chinese, Mongols and Tibetans ought to have been free each to go their own way. (It was the complexity of Great Power politics, including secret treaties between Czarist Russia and Japan, rather than China's own power, that frustrated or delayed this outcome.)

It was of decisive importance that the Russia that was looming on the horizon was a Russia that had survived wars with Sweden, Poland and Turkey and was coming into its own as a great power. The Czar needed new revenues for a strong, centralized state. East of the Urals, private ownership of serfs was therefore forbidden (though many peasants were still listed as "state serfs"). The Czar did not want new sources of revenue to be intercepted by private landlords. Private enterprise and small-scale capitalism began to flourish. Small, thinly scattered Siberian tribes had about as poor pickings as the North American Indians, but more advanced peoples, like the Buryats and Yakuts, did rather well, some of them achieving an infant capitalism that flourished beside the adolescent Russian capitalism. In fact, by the end of the 19th century, when farm machinery became available, it was often Buryats who got the agencies to sell American machinery to Russians. As this kind of economic evolution went on in frontier territory where the few Chinese traders were still at the stage of barter and usury, the tribesmen who were neither

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chinese nor Russian tended generally to prefer the Russians.

At this point we can turn to China's other major frontier, the "jungle" margin of expansion in the south. Not having the advantage of a Chinese Foreign Office pamphlet to describe the geography and define the issues here, I am forced to refer to my own work of nearly forty years ago (*Inner Asian Frontiers of China*, New York, 1940), in which I described the peoples to the north of China as "non-Chinese" and those with whom they were in contact in the south as "pre-Chinese" or "not yet Chinese."

What I meant was this: We have enough archeological evidence to be sure that in neolithic times there was agriculture in humid South China as there was in drier North China. It was practiced by peoples who were, probably, of the same general ethnic stock as the "true" Chinese. Their agriculture certainly ranged from intensive rice farming to slash-and-burn jungle hillside cultivation. Because of the monsoon climate there was a great deal of jungle. Techniques of ditching, draining and irrigation could be developed more quickly and easily in the open North than in the jungly South, but when developed and applied to the South there was a rich reward in double cropping and high productivity. It was, therefore, the Northerners who tended to encroach on the Southerners, converting a population that they at first regarded as backward and inferior into "standard" Chinese. As this integration took many centuries, and language changed while the forward movement was going on, we can account historically for the fact that dialects are more numerous and more different from one another in the South than in the North. It is as if we had in England a zone in which the population began to speak English at the Beowulf stage, then a zone of Piers Plowman speakers, then one of Chaucerians and one of Shakespeareans.

Moreover, because of the basic affinities of agricultural life, even when the crops grown are different, the social and cultural influence and intellectual prestige of China radiated on beyond the zones actually integrated into the Chinese polity. On the "unassimilable" North, for example, the historical impress of Confucianism was amazingly slight, but in the South it penetrated all the way down through Indochina. Ho Chi Minh came from the kind of Vietnamese family in which Confucian scholarship was regarded as part of a gentleman's education.

Although the Chinese did not claim the direct rule of Indochina, they were fully aware of the range and force of their prestige. They took it for granted that Indochina came within the sphere of their cultural and intellectual hegemony, and entitled them to ascendancy in judging questions of political philosophy. "Hegemony" is not a polite word today, but here, used with due respect, it is the only word that fits.

China's frontier with Laos and Vietnam was drawn to accommodate French imperialism. It runs through populations of whom some, on the Chinese side, are not yet fully integrated into the Chinese polity (a few speak languages that are classified as Mon-Khmer or Thai), while on the Laos-Vietnam side there are, besides ethnic Chinese elements, many who have been affected, to different degrees, by the Chinese culture, the Chinese outlook. It is therefore silly (though fashionable) to reduce the political crosscurrents of that part of the world to "the historic hatred of the Vietnamese for the Chinese."

It is particularly silly because Ho Chi Minh, in creating the Indochinese Communist movement, was acutely sensitive to French colonial policy, which encouraged distrust among North and South Vietnamese, Laotians, Kampucheans and mountain tribal minorities. To counter colonial imperialism, he worked for the maximum of unity. He left an important legacy—hard to measure, but vitally important. When the appalling Kissinger-Nixon policy devastated Kampuchea and installed Lon Nol as trusty, and then Kissinger-Nixon-Westmoreland skedaddled, abandoning Kampuchea altogether, they left it open not to a Communist revolution but to a medieval *Jacquerie*. The Kampuchean peasantry were like a well-bred, gentle dog that has been ordered to do this, ordered to do that, kicked, beaten, cursed until it turns not just savage but crazily savage. Pol Pot is just one man, a brutal killer, but a brutal killer produced by an American-made situation.

In such a situation there are bound to be a few survivors of the old Ho Chi Minh revolutionary movement. Would not such men, faced with more than they can handle in tragically rent and torn Kampuchea, be likely to remember old revolutionary comrades in Vietnam, with whom they once worked and whom they learned to trust, and ask them for help? Obviously, no single factor like this could explain all the tangled elements that confront one another in Indochina; but it is better than assuming that the only Kampucheans working with the Vietnamese are "puppets," "proxies," "surrogates." To believe that is to resign oneself to a C.I.A. level of intelligence. (Although, of course, to report that is the way to get promoted.)

And the Russians? The first thing to do is to drop the childish, cops-and-robbers notion that the Soviets (here I prefer "Soviets" to "Russians," because the Soviet Union is a multinational state, and one in which the non-Russian nationalities are multiplying faster than the Russians) operate only through sinister agents who bemuse dimwitted Asians and use them as the cannon fodder of a new imperialism. Soviet policy today is obviously, sometimes a bit puzzlingly, cautious. They seem to act only when they feel that there is a sizable element of the population (something more than a clique or a faction) that will not crumble if supported. Moreover, they also often restrain, or counsel restraint. They pulled out of Somalia when they thought the Somalis were going too far. And when the tide is running against them, they have a knack of pulling out before getting mired down that might even be envied by American supporters of Diems, Lon Nols, Shahs—and who next? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Return Of the Repressed

MARK SHECHNER

DUBIN'S LIVES. *By Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 362 p. $10.*

Our image of Bernard Malamud is so bound up with certain familiar sentiments concerning conscience and moral accountability that scarcely anyone writes about him without paying tribute to them. Malamud's books, we are repeatedly told, speak for "the possibility of man's redemption through purgative suffering and selfless love," or betray a concern with "Love, Mercy (*Rachmones*), *Menschlechkeit*," or probe the animal nature of man, reveal a fearful mistrust of instinctual behavior, and struggle toward an answer in discipline and love." With the prevailing consensus thus in favor of Malamud's mission of moral improvement, readers might well wonder whether it would not be more direct to bypass him altogether and proceed directly to the original teachings, whatever they may be. Not everyone would rush off to the library for a writer's books after being told that, as one critic has put it, he "follows in the ancient tradition of the prophets, Amos, Jeremiah, the Second Isaiah, who announce suffering to be the Jew's special destiny, evidence of his unique covenant with God. . . ." Indeed, some might sensibly conclude from such praise that the writer in question was altogether too morally accomplished for them, or too gloomy, and decide to stick with Dr. Brothers, who at least is cheerful, and reassures us that we can get what we want out of life.

This state of affairs has not exactly been imposed upon Malamud. If anything, he has encouraged this view of himself as a champion of humanism and spokesman for the special moral insight of the Jews by announcing on various occasions that "the purpose of the writer . . . is to keep civilization from destroying itself" and that "what has made the Jewish writers conspicuous in American literature is their sensitivity to the value of man." The books themselves, with their parables of affliction and endurance and their quasi-symbolic Jews, standing for all mankind in their existential *Angst* while remaining Jews in their historical particularity, give body to such intentions. In all of contemporary literature, there is scarcely a compact, nay, covenant, between an author and critics more binding than that between Malamud and his. The latter have agreed in the main not to ask questions about Malamud's work that fall outside the domain of humanist morality and Jewish suffering that he has staked out as his territory.

What has gone unnoticed in the rush to sanctify Malamud is that the very system of values for which he is acclaimed has been, from the start, marked by discrepancies—contradictions between his celebrated pleas for restraint and certain powerful emotional promptings—and that those contradictions have been steadily growing sharper. In early books they appeared as mere matters of dramatic conflict, so that in *The Assistant*, Frank Alpine's "redemption" and his education in Jewish sexual taboos and rites, culminating in his circumcision, could be made to seem dimensions of the same moral development. But more recently those discrepancies between the emotional tenor of his books and their instructional premises have become too extreme for patching up, and have threatened to fracture the Malamudian universe altogether. We seem not to have been noticing that Malamud is changing on us, becoming more extravagant, and that in abandoning his early manner, with its special ethical coloration—its balance of longing and caution, irony and Talmudic strictness, Yiddish folklore and depression realism—he has not merely been losing touch with his original talent but trying strenuously to get around its limitations.

It now appears that Malamud, like many another Jewish writer who has grown weary of ethical or literary circumspection, has been trying to cut through to something else. How else are we to account for the heightened sexuality of recent books or the frightening bursts of mayhem that appear when his meticulously applied irony wears thin? What can the conventional formulas about Malamud tell us about the end of *The Tenants*, where Willie Spearmint slices off Harry Lesser's balls with a razor, just as Lesser is sinking an ax into Spearmint's head, while the hapless landlord, Levenspiel, looks on in horror and cries out the ostensible moral of the book: "Mercy, mercy, mercy...," as if that could dampen any of the accumulated rage? And how might they account for the raunchy conclusion to *Pictures of Fidelman*, in which Fidelman submits to the advances of Beppo, the Venetian glass blower, who knows the ins and outs of love, and assures his neophyte Jewish lover that they don't hurt a bit: "It'll be a cool job, I'm wearing mentholated vaseline. You'll be surprised at the pleasure." Is this *our* Malamud? Is this just a new twist on redemption through purgative suffering and selfless love or on Morris Bober's "I suffer for you, you suffer for me"? After such knowledge, what forgiveness?

Dubin's Lives would appear to be the last nail in the coffin of the old Malamud, since this novel of middle-aged yearning and marital infidelity is certainly his most thoroughgoing adventure into the erotic. William Dubin, biographer, who has written a life of Thoreau and is currently, and painfully, at work on a life of D.H. Lawrence, begins, at age 56, to feel the itch of Lawrencian blood consciousness when his wife, Kitty, hires the nubile Fanny Bick as housekeeper, and Fanny, whose nipples are usually on show beneath her blouse, begins to hang around the biographer's study. Like many of Malamud's heroes, Dubin is teased to distraction by this peep show, which culminates at the stunning moment when Fanny, bent on calling Dubin's bluff—he has been lecturing her on the morality of living life "to the hilt"—barges into his study and removes her clothes. "Fanny tossed her yellow underpants at him. He caught them and tossed them back. They struck her breasts and fell to the floor."

"'Whatever you're offering,'" he apologizes, "'I regret I can't accept.'"

But such resolve is only whistling in the dark. Dubin has taken the bait—those fatal yellow underpants—and he's hooked. Thus begins a furtive chase that takes him to New York, where he is miserably stood up in a hotel bar, and then to Venice with Fanny (telling his wife he needs to do research) in order to

Mark Shechner teaches in the department of English of the State University of New York at Buffalo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

redeem at last the promise of those undies.

But readers who are familiar with the ground rules of the Malamudian erotic will anticipate what comes next—The Putdown—though they may not be ready for the way it is done here. Malamud is a specialist in disappointment, the contemporary master of blueballs, and ever since Roy Hobbs in *The Natural* was shot down in that hotel room by the woman who lured him there, and Frank Alpine in *The Assistant* was spurned by Helen Bober for being "an uncircumcised dog," Malamud has been contriving newer and more spectacular ways to liven up the scenario of male shame. After drinks, wine, a sumptuous dinner (Fanny orders brains), and hours of slow teasing ("She had removed her shoe and was caressing him under the table"), they retire to the hotel room where Fanny is suddenly beset by the effects of those brains. Losing control of her bowels she rushes to the bathroom, and when Dubin checks in on her after several minutes of impatient waiting, he is greeted by this Swiftian vision of the nymph: "She was standing at the toilet bowl, retching, a blob of diarrhea dribbling down her leg." Purgative suffering indeed. That Fanny remains ill and indisposed for the remainder of their stay, and then betrays Dubin with a gondolier and a motorboat operator, is strictly literary afterplay. That blob of diarrhea is the touch of a master and the irrepressible comedy of the unconscious. Dubin tries to salvage some dignity from his predicament by recalling Yeats's line: "Love has pitched its mansion in the place of excrement," but is neither comforted nor enlightened by so lofty a point of view.

That scene might mark the climax of a Malamud short story or point the moral of an early novel on the rewards of appetite, but Malamud is no longer content with comic catastrophes and moral epiphanies, no matter what psychic depths they may divulge. What makes *Dubin's Lives* different is that Malamud rejects the customary conservative moral—that Dubin should act his age and patch up his marriage—in favor of something more problematic and more interesting. Like any Malamud character, Dubin is being educated by experience, but unlike the others, he gains no wisdom and earns no "redemption," which is perhaps why this book, ostensibly the least Jewish of all Malamud's novels, may well be the most Jewish by interior design. For it is the most thoroughly devoted to the actualities of common experience, rather than to the mythic or moral patterns that might be extracted from it.

Malamud allows Dubin and Fanny to have an affair and to enjoy their share of sensual delight. Dubin has been taking instruction in sexual freedom from Lawrence, and though the choice of Lawrence—sexologue, primitivist, anti-Semite—may seem paradoxical for so cautious a man of modest appetites, it conforms to a deeper logic. Lawrence is the shadow self, and thus a voice for repressed urges that have long been clamoring for release. He is midwife to this other Dubin, whose emergence into the first one's life produces the sorts of difficulties that come of mixing two literary worlds, or two regions of the mind. Dubin tries to become a Lawrencian hero in a Malamudian world, that is, a phallic narcissist in a life of modest designs and severe consequences. But then, too, as Dubin knows, Lawrence himself was not exactly *Lawrence*; his sexual manifestoes were not affirmations easily come by but protests against his own strict superego and unpredictable body. He was impotent at 42. If there is a touch of Lawrence in Dubin, there was apparently a touch of Dubin in Lawrence.

Thus the second and more interesting half of *Dubin's Lives* begins when Dubin and Fanny consummate the long flirtation and embark on a hazardous affair, thereby raising the level of complication. On the one hand, the affair represents a genuine release into the erotic. Dubin and Fanny (what's in a name?) take full pleasure in each other, and Malamud indulges himself, by indulging them, in genuine sensuality. But not too much of it. Even in this relationship, sensuality takes a back seat to the familiar commotions of conscience. Fanny may garland Dubin's penis with flowers, but she also wreathes his life with difficulties. It is symptomatic of Malamud's version of the bower of bliss that Fanny's apartment on New York's West 83rd Street should overlook an orthodox synagogue in which Dubin can see "a small candlelit room where a black-bearded black-hatted Jew, his white shawl glowing on his shoulders, bent back and forth in prayer." As a reminder that all is not lost to blood consciousness, here are the fathers perched at the very window, like so many Jewbirds of disapproval, reminding Dubin of the old ethics and forsaken duties. Such reminders can lead him in only one direction: home.

Just as nothing succeeds like failure in earlier Malamud books, nothing fails like success in this one. Dubin's n riage, difficult enough before Fa becomes increasingly dismal as withdraws from Kitty. Indeed, it is in the affair with Fanny that we the heart of this book but in the port of a marriage which, for all its glo its bitter asperities, its bleak climat empty habit and dessicated affectio a vivid depiction of a real relationsl a marriage in progress.

Against temptations to resolve bin's impasse and heal the split betw his lives, Malamud holds fast until very last page, where he violates logic of the entire book by hav Dubin leap out of Fanny's bed with erection (she now owns a house up road from the Dubins) and rush ho to make love to his wife before the er tion droops. The reader is advised skip that page. Like Levenspiel's peal for mercy in *The Tenants*, this e ing simply contradicts everything t has come before, and tries to rescue book by magic from its own harsh c clusions. Up until that point, thou Malamud is fairly steadfast, and p sues the desperate situation relentles and imaginatively through page af page of bitterness, mutual recrimi tion and mutual withdrawal, as b Dubin and Kitty slowly retreat fr each other into private enclaves of f tasy. Dubin armors himself against wife, and she responds with bewild ment, then rage, then analysis and nally the inevitable affair of her own this case with her analyst.

That Dubin's crisis is no simple o come of his secret life may be guess from the alienation of his two childr Gerald and Maud. The former has serted from the Army to Sweden (t year is roughly 1974), where he mains incommunicado and, indeed, w not even speak with his father when t latter tracks him down at his Swed rooming house. At the end, he defects the Soviet Union, so deep is his alie tion. Maud has gone away to college Berkeley, but has quit school after unhappy love affair and joined a Z Buddhist monastery, only to abandor and return home for a few dismal da to announce that she is pregnant. (*course*, the father is black.) Neith Gerald nor Maud shares any particul warmth with Dad, who has never giv much and is now totally encased in h own troubles. The affair with Fanr rather than opening him up, has sh him down entirely, and when he is n with Fanny, he is holed up in his stu in the barn with his manuscript and h miseries. For a man so vulnerab

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ıbin appears to his family to be im-egnably self-sufficient.

So, *Dubin's Lives* is the old Malamud ter all, to the extent that Dubin's easure does not add up to satisfaction. ıife the opposite; it turns out to be just ıother road to disaster. Through the adual dissolution of his marriage, the ienation of his children, impotence ith his wife, writer's block, and a fail-g memory, Dubin pays richly for his ctories over middle age, as his misery creases in geometric ratio to his easures. (That some of these punish-ents precede the crime is not to the ɔint, since it is Malamud's mind we're ılking about.) Sexual liberation means ɔ less trial than renunciation; the Mal-mud hero suffers either way.

Where this novel succeeds and is, in ıy estimation, the richest of all Mal-mud's novels, is not in the conclusion, hich is false, nor in Malamud's judg-ents, which are more ambivalent ıan ever, nor in the tortuous vision f transgression and retribution—y now old hat and hardly in need of estatement. It lies in Malamud's com-ıand of the idiom of domestic warfare, he day-to-day details of a marriage in ecline. Here as nowhere else Malamud ursues his favorite myth of moral exi-ency without resort to folklore or to he easy affirmations of packaged mo-ality and the equally easy negations of sychic disarray. Malamud has been nore considerate of his turmoil this ime around, and produced a novel whose cries of conscience, erotic remis-ions and ultimate vote for sanity are worked out with patience and therefore with credibility.

After *Dubin's Lives* it will be hard to treat Malamud as either a placid mor-alist or an ethnic hors d'oeuvre: that is, as either an expert in timeless wisdom and contemporary ethics or an exotic miniature to be savored before the main course of American literature. Either view makes him sound like a children's classic, or at least something suitable for high school seniors. For once, he has joined his private sexual obsessions to plausible contemporary circumstances in a thoroughly convinc-ing manner, and in the process secured a place for himself in the front ranks of contemporary fiction writers. That does not mean, finally, that the Jewish element in Malamud's work is any less important but only that it is something different from what we used to think it was. □

Go national with *The Nation*'s wide-ly read Classified Page.

Sociology In Brief

TODD GITLIN

REEFER MADNESS: The History of Marijuana in America. *By Larry Slo-man. Bobbs-Merrill Company. 404 pp. $12.95.*

Gossipy, scattered, entertain-ing, sometimes wise-ass new journalism tracing the up-ward mobility of marijuana use from barrio and ghetto to white suburb. In counterpoint, Sloman sifts through the Narcotics Bureau's weird and sensationalist files, catching the crusaders in interesting discrepancies, oscillations, and unconscious projec-tions. But too often, he prefers to dump his discoveries in a heap before the reader, indulging in too many raw, un-edited interview transcripts. Halfway through, Sloman finds an important theme: he begins to wonder what grass means now that it's been severed from anti-establishment politics, and he pro-duces an interesting interview with a big-time dealer who laments that "now pot is just another commodity rather than a sacred substance."

Todd Gitlin teaches sociology at the Uni-versity of California, Berkeley; his book on the New Left and mass media will be published by the University of Califor-nia Press.

THE POWERS THAT BE: Processes of Ruling Class Domination in Amer-ica. *By G. William Domhoff. Random House. 206 pp. $10.*

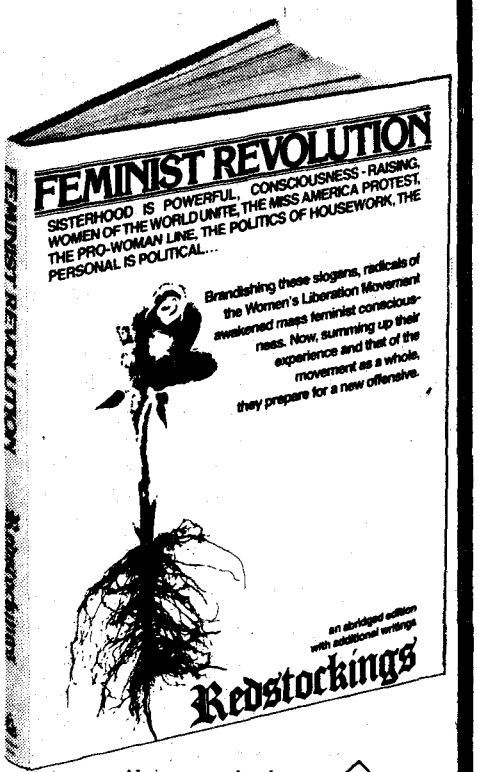
A bluntly written tract in Domhoff's continuing series on the composition and powers of the American ruling class. This installment covers the means by which the business-centered upper class works its will on the state and on public opinion: (*1*) special inter-est lobbying; (*2*) formulating national policy in quasi-private clubs like the Council on Foreign Relations and the Business Council; (*3*) selecting and fi-nancing public candidates (Jimmy *Who*?), and (*4*) conveying ideology to the public. Despite gestures, Domhoff still overplays the political coherence and effectiveness of the corporate rich (he does not even mention the Committee on the Present Danger, for example), and his understanding of ideology is one-dimensional; but the book is still a useful collation of material on corpo-rate clout.

The book for the feminist '80s

"This book challenges, disturbs, insists on source thinking and rethinking."
—TILLIE OLSEN

"*Feminist Revolution* was the basis of radical feminist consciousness. I don't agree with all of it, but its brilliant insights were, and are, crucial to the development, and understanding, of the modern women's movement."
—BETTY FRIEDAN

Photos and drawings.
$12.95 cloth, $5.95 paper


FEMINIST REVOLUTION
SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL, CONSCIOUSNESS-RAISING, WOMEN OF THE WORLD UNITE, THE MISS AMERICA PROTEST, THE PRO-WOMAN LINE, THE POLITICS OF HOUSEWORK, THE PERSONAL IS POLITICAL...
Brandishing these slogans, radicals of the Women's Liberation Movement awakened mass feminist consciousness. Now, summing up their experience and that of the movement as a whole, they prepare for a new offensive.
an abridged edition with additional writings
Redstockings

Now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OPPRESSION AND SOCIAL INTERVENTION. *By Ira Goldenberg. Nelson-Hall. 213 pp. $10.95. Paper $6.95.*

A community psychiatrist's attempt to define a radical theoretical base for organizers who want to go beyond social tinkering and reform, but without violence. Goldenberg is on the side of the angels, a man who can see how "helpers" oppress the "helped," and how "sensitivity training" bolsters the dominant institutions. Unfortunately, the message is muffled by the human-relations jargon of the "helping professions" it criticizes.

SHINOHATA: A Portrait of a Japanese Village. *By Ronald P. Dore. Pantheon Books. 322 pp. $11.95.*

An English authority's subtle and meticulous account of life in a small and newly prosperous Japanese village during the last twenty years. It may be too meticulous for most readers, but the details are fascinating: from the history of toilets to the techniques of rice planting and the rise of family discussions. Dore is vehemently opposed to middle-class romanticizing of the past; the villagers themselves look back only to measure the progress they've made through Japan's industrial boom. But Dore is rather casually sanguine about the dangerous byproducts of industrial progress—more optimistic than Shinohata's schoolchildren.

VANGUARDS AND FOLLOWERS: Youth in the American Tradition. *By Louis Filler. Nelson-Hall. 252 pp. $11.95. Paper $6.95.*

An appalling scatter of vignettes and observations basted together by the dubious premise that youth movements throughout American history are unified by virtue of being American. The writing is shallow, incoherent, sentimental and often misleading: the tone will be conveyed by the statement that "Ginsberg's verses were the reverse of Whitman's, being based on the hatred of America common among his friends," or that American troops in Vietnam maintained a "purely defensive posture." Filler respectfully cites a 1938 article called "Youth Gone Loco, Villain Is Marijuana"; Sloman (see above) take notice. □

Coming Soon

An essay on Edward Said by Arthur Gold.

Hegemony on The Skids

WENDY COOPER

THE DISINTEGRATING WEST. *By Mary Kaldor. Hill & Wang. 219 pp. $10.*

The "disintegrating" West at issue here is the West of post-war certainties, the West of American hegemony, based upon a stable dollar and united by a common interest in stemming the tide of Communism. This set of assumptions is rapidly breaking up, but has yet to be replaced by anything more than a growing sense of insecurity. Mary Kaldor, a fellow of the Science Policy Research Unit at the University of Sussex in England, has set out to explore the sources of this insecurity, to identify new tensions in international relations and to suggest where they may be leading us.

It is an enormously ambitious task and the limitations of the finished product are fairly obvious—not least to the author, who frequently reminds us that her suggested scenarios are no more than possibilities. Nevertheless, within the confines of 200 pages, Kaldor has produced an original and often provocative analysis. Though she unfortunately fails to deal with the emergence of China as a world force, she still makes a powerful argument for radical social change in the West.

By far the best section of the book (and the only part based on original research) deals with the crisis in the Western defense establishments. Kaldor, a winner of the Ford Foundation's 1976 research competition on arms control and international security, has made cogent use of her expertise. The most important conflict of our times, she says, is taking place within the West, and it involves a struggle between Europe and the United States, traditional partners in the "Atlantic Alliance," of which NATO is the fundamental expression.

But, Kaldor argues, NATO's goal, as conceived by America, was of a "coercive" rather than military nature: to prevent the emergence of an independent power bloc in Europe. The erosion of American control which she traces has brought us to the point where "NATO" and "Europe" are at odd with the position of each side depende on differing assumptions about Ame ca's behavior. Those who side wi NATO posit an "internationali America; those who side with Euro assume that America is "parochia and further, that economic difficulti are reducing America's dependabilit

"Internationalist" and "parochia are the twin themes that run throug out *The Disintegrating West.* These pa allel concepts of America spring fro an analysis of Western society in whi the nation-state is seen to be fighting losing battle against multinatio alism—the most significant form which is the multinational corporatio

Kaldor argues that imperiali America is caught in a deepening ec nomic crisis—a crisis that will lead to situation in which the interests American and world capital are longer the same. American foreign p icy, she believes, is now delicate poised: the United States has "on t one hand, a parochial tendency, su ported by labor and domestic produ ers," and, "on the other, an intern tionalist stance, favored by the mult national corporations which put t world economy above the domest economy."

Within Europe, the same tenden toward "uneven development," endem to capitalism, that led to this split, h also produced an atmosphere of intens fying struggle between the wealthie and more economically advanced r gions, and those states at whose expen they grew. The former group, led b the new economic superpower, We Germany, faces its most powerful cha lenge from socialist and autonomou factions within the latter (Britai France and Italy)—factions based o the "increasing casualties of the soci system."

"Events that occur in Europe," Ka dor says, "are the key to any prognosi about future international relations." And she concludes that East/West cor flict is peripheral—a sort of necessar "ritual"—when compared to the tensio building up in Europe, and the trans Atlantic repercussions arising from i There should be few problems with th suggestion that both the East and Wes "need the excuse of the other for hold ing together their respective spheres o influence," but the notion that Sovie political interest in the third world i not expansionist will undoubtedly rais a few skeptical eyebrows.

Nonetheless, by documenting th course of recent Soviet economic his

Wendy Cooper reports on international trade for The Journal of Commerce.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

y, Kaldor persuasively argues that ıe Soviet system is not yet subject to e same compulsion to expand (as the est) although the leadership may ve particular expansionist tenden-s." Soviet policy in the third world is ssentially defensive, aimed at weak-ing the American monopoly," Kaldor aintains. "Arms to Africa or, more re-ntly, Peru, reflect the erosion of ex-usive spheres of influence."

She does not imply, however, that the viet Union is a benign influence. In-ed, according to Kaldor, the balance tween "ritual" hostility and the possi-lity of "human sacrifice" is terrify-gly precarious. Soviet dependence on estern technology, growing Soviet in-btedness, the breakdown of the onolithic Soviet bureaucracy: any one these things could tip the scales, eating the conditions for a real Soviet pansionist policy—with disastrous nsequences.

Cautiously broaching the possibility a major war, the prospect of which is ver far off in *The Disintegrating est,* Kaldor has this to say: "People ust enter wars short-sightedly; other-ise they would never adopt such in-ne courses of action. Yet the insanity only the product of conflict in which ere is no sane solution that lies within e current organization of Western so-ety." We must only hope that she is rong. □

Getting Started

MARJORIE PRYSE

STARTING. *By Helen Yglesias. Raw-n, Wade. 286 pp. $9.95.*

Helen Yglesias waited until the age of 54 to make a start on the career she had always wanted for herself. he moved to a "run-down cabin" on the oast of Maine and finished a novel, *low She Died.* In the autobiographical ssay which opens *Starting,* her third ook and first nonfiction work, she re-alls this moment in her life: "I wanted to be on my way as a storyteller. Even though it was very late. I wanted to make a start on what I had always wanted to do."

She proves herself as that storyteller in *Family Feeling,* her second novel, and now as the voice which organizes and relates the tales of other real people who, like herself, are articulate on the subject of starting—"early, anew, over, and late," as the book's subtitle describes Yglesias's quest. The subject is intriguing to anyone trapped in a job, a marriage, an identity, or a sexual stereotype, who dreams of starting over—no matter how late or how difficult the endeavor.

Of the four kinds of stories Yglesias tells, two seem more relevant to her theme than the others. In "Starting Anew," the second and largest collection in the book, Yglesias gives us the stories of middle-aged women who start again after unsatisfying marriage or abrupt widowhood, conformity to society's expectations, or the discovery of a sexual preference for other women. Teddy King confronts the image others have of her as a "Harlem nigger." Mabel Jerome, widowed in her late 50s after a happy if confined life as a submissive wife, finds a new identity as the organizer of singles clubs for middle-aged men and women.

And in "Starting Late," Yglesias tells the stories of some well- and not so well-known people—Grandma Moses, Mother Jones, Alberta Hunter, Artur Rubinstein—who live (or lived) into productive old age. In this section, the story of Helen and Scott Nearing establishes the pattern for others—at the respective ages of 75 and 95, the Nearings manage self-sufficient subsistence farming on the Maine coast in all seasons of the year.

The book's strength lies in Yglesias's ability to tell stories. Its weakness derives from her insistence, at the beginning and end of the individual vignettes, that the stories are closely related. She makes general statements about the lives of women and men in our society that have become commonplaces. "Most women," she writes, "endure a series of clashing, parallel lives which interrupt, attack, and sometimes demolish one another." And "Whatever the difficulties embedded in the hard ground of becoming one's own man, it doesn't usually necessitate remaking a core of being." After the story of Diana Rhodes, who progresses from housewife and mother to graduate student to executive administrator, Yglesias comments, "In this quietly assured woman is embedded a startling piece of news about our stereotyping of the nature of women."

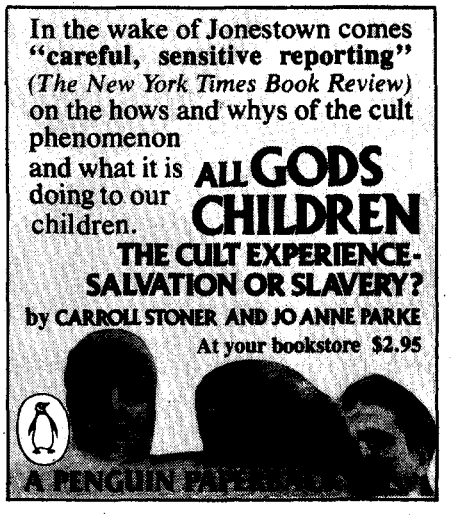
Perhaps her readers will be less startled than she expects them to be; still, anyone dreaming of beginning a new life will take courage from the stories in this book. Anyone looking back on an earlier decision to start anew will find comradeship here. And those whose lives seem to hold out no hope for change may yet find encouragement in the "exhilarating leaps" of others. Some of Yglesias's readers will agree that "We all live in hope and store up proofs against pessimism." Such a storehouse is *Starting.* □

Marjorie Pryse teaches American literature at the University of Tennessee. Her book, The Mark and the Knowledge: Social Stigma in Classic American Fiction, *is forthcoming from Ohio State University Press.*

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

For all his importance as an artist, celebrity and culture-hero, Jackson Pollock has had bad luck with his writers. After his death in 1956, his friend, the major critic Clement Greenberg, was expected to write *the* book but failed to do so. By default the project fell to Bryan Robertson who inflicted a flashy and hollow text on us. A book was expected in 1967 from Abrams by William Rubin. Under the title "Jackson Pollock and the Modern Tradition," he published six sections from it in four parts in *Artforum* (February-May 1967), but no book. Now at last a comprehensive *catalogue raisonne* has appeared in four volumes by Francis V. O'Connor and E.V. Thaw, reproducing virtually everything known from Pollock's hand. More than a thousand works are listed and clearly reproduced in black and white, with each piece traced from its present owner back to the artist's studio, and securely dated.


In the wake of Jonestown comes
"careful, sensitive reporting"
(The New York Times Book Review)
on the hows and whys of the cult phenomenon
and what it is doing to our children.
ALL GODS CHILDREN
THE CULT EXPERIENCE-SALVATION OR SLAVERY?
by CARROLL STONER AND JO ANNE PARKE
At your bookstore $2.95
A PENGUIN PAPER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pollock is treated on a scale rare for any artist, let alone a modern American.

O'Connor has contributed to Pollock studies before. He made the chronology for the catalogue of the 1967 retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, an expansion of which is in Volume 4 of the present work. The biographical information added here includes touching family details, like this letter from LeRoy Pollock to his son in 1928: "Your mother and I have been a complete failure financially but if the boys turn out to be good and useful citizens nothing else matters and we know that this is happening so why not be jubilant?"

O'Connor is best known for his pioneering research in the field of Government patronage of the arts between the wars. This is the route by which he got on to Pollock, who was on the Works Progress Administration's Federal Arts Program. Nobody else had paid serious attention to Pollock's work in the 1930s until O'Connor argued for its importance. He stressed Pollock as a typical young American artist of the Depression and as a Midwesterner attracted to the muralist Thomas Hart Benton for regional as well as aesthetic reasons.

William Rubin's articles, on the other hand, present Pollock as an artist indebted to European themes. His working assumption is that a single cluster of aesthetic problems can be traced back from mid-20th-century America to early 20th-century Europe. As a student of Meyer Schapiro, Rubin drew on his master's insight about the connection of Impressionism and Abstract art in relation to Pollock's "molecular" structure of small paint marks. The shifting, staccato grid of Analytical Cubism was linked to Pollock's hovering linear webs, an idea of Greenberg's that Rubin worked out much more effectively than Greenberg had. And Pollock's drip technique was discussed critically in relation to Surrealist automatism. Rubin saw Pollock's art as fundamentally international.

Not surprisingly, then, Rubin criticized O'Connor's Americanization of Pollock in a letter in *Artforum* (Summer 1967) to which O'Connor replied as follows: "In due course, with the appearance of my catalogue for the Museum of Modern Art's current Pollock retrospective and ultimately with the publication of the *catalogue raisonné* I am writing, the wealth of evidence informing my approach will be available." Well, here it is, and are O'Connor's views substantiated? As we shall see, the editors themselves have prevented us from being sure.

One is grateful for the precision of the text and cannot but admire the hard work and patience by which it was achieved. In the entries for individual works, however, the editors have provided only date, provenance and bibliographical references, avoiding interpretation, as if it were mere contestable opinion: "Any evaluation or interpretation, except that required to deduce a coherent chronological sequence for undated work, has for us no place in such an enterprise." They even refrain from iconographical comment though, after all their labors, who should be better placed to discuss meanings? A *personnage* called the Moon-Woman appears in three Pollocks; the authors seem indifferent as to who she might be. Most art historians admit iconographical information as evidence these days, but O'Connor and Thaw do not even note the Moon-Woman's recurrence. Picasso's horse-imagery of the 1930s, up to and including the speared horse in

JACKSON POLLOCK. A CATALOGUE RAISONNE OF PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, AND OTHER WORKS. *Edited by Francis Valentine O'Connor and Eugene Victor Thaw. Yale University Press. 45 color and 1,310 black-and-white illustrations. 1,160 pp. 4-volume set. $250.*

"Guernica," clearly interested Pollock, but not O'Connor and Thaw. The year-by-year chronology of Pollock's life gives us a lot of information in a short space, but is too schematic a form to permit interpretation. The entire catalogue, therefore, is factual in a hard-nosed way: the mastery of data is admirable, but the refusal to interpret it disappoints modern expectations of holistic scholarship.

By abjuring iconographical and stylistic matters, the editors have in effect denied themselves the opportunity of arguing for that "wealth of evidence" O'Connor specifically promised for this book ten years ago. Benton undoubtedly meant a lot to Pollock, but the logbook form of this catalogue cannot convince us that Benton was a continuous force in Pollock's life. He was certainly present in the early work: his serpentine rhythm is clear in Pollock's allegories of the '30s, and it may be compatible with the sense of flow in the later work. Of "The Moon-Woman," "Male and Female" and "Stenographic Figure," O'Connor observes: "these three works constitute his first large, major canvases." They are emphatically post-Benton, deeply involved with Picas and Surrealism, that is to say with i ternational art. O'Connor's nativi view of Pollock seems to have relaxe leaving us, in the absence of his arg ments, with the international conte originally proposed by Rubin in 196

What the catalogue does reveal is tl extraordinary momentum of Pollock development. He painted single pi tures quickly because, as he said, "tl painting has a life of its own. I try to l it come through." The fast-emergir configuration on the canvas was tl basis for authentic improvisation. H extended this method of work to grou of paintings also, so that one work lea to another in a chain; the continui within his hectic periods is clearly di played here.

The editors point out that "Pollock certain periods drew incessantly" an they reproduce 533 pure line drawing in the exceptionally interesting thir volume. There are sketches after E Greco and Rubens, strongly influence by Benton, followed by streamline spiky *personnages*, a composite of san urai and crustaceans. There ar sheets of proliferating multiple image cross-eyed amoebas, boned anatomie jumping sacs and hairy hearts, th index of a morbid and catastrophi imagination. Such brutal and melodra matic imagery seemed inseparabl from the practice of art for Pollock Lee Krasner Pollock, the artist's wif told me that he tended to start even th abstract paintings with doodled mor sters that got lost in the process c painting.

The editors complain that Pollock' way of painting after 1947 has becom known as the drip technique and the propose, as more correct, "pourin technique." Cubism is an unsatisfactor term also, but we have come to kno what it refers to. In terms of usage, dri technique has come to mean what Pol lock did, and to try to change it at thi late date is futile. I can give an exampl from the present work of the obstinac of usage. Pollock's paintings of 1951 many of them of re-emerging monsters are done in black paint on unprime cotton duck, with the paint soaked int uninflected raw canvas. Thus I con sider that these are black paintings, no black and whites as is usually said, bu the editors keep to usage. In fact, usag is so implanted in their heads that a article of mine called "Pollock's Blac Paintings" is incorrectly cited twelv times as "Pollock's Black and Whit Paintings." I think they should conced that drip painting is here to stay.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELEVISION

TER SOURIAN

Once in a while I decide that I have thought up something funny, clever and original. Then, before my wife has inned me that I have not, and even igh I know I am not a witty writer, I de that it would be a fine idea for to put my witty notion to paper.

he most recent of these mental ocrences involves an extended joke ut how a new medium of communi-on called The Book has been devel-d which, because of the extraordi-ily efficient nature of its technology, naking rapid and devastating in-ds into our venerable and respecta-communications medium, The Tele-on.

fter all, say those annoying people) are always too ready to take up any new-fangled gadget, aren't books re *efficient* than television in almost ry way? Never mind your sentimen-nostalgia: a book fits so conven-tly into hand or pocket, unlike those nbersome machines that you can't e with you in the subway; books er break down, they don't need an-nae, and they require no costly rgy source. It's also marvelous how can deftly control the pace of a k, how you can turn the pages as wly as you want or, conversely, flip ough them if you're restless, letting ir eyes, as free as twin seagulls, ght only where they spot some at-ctive fish.

And when you read a book, you can p and reflect if the material is very nplicated—or even look out the win-w and rest! Which brings me to MC², starring nowadays on TV and ewhere, on the occasion of the 100th niversary of the birthday of Albert nstein.

Two programs concerning Einstein e scheduled during Public Televi-n's Festival '79 (March 3-18) as part PBS's annual public awareness and nd-raising effort. One of these, *Ein-in*, in the very fine *Nova* series, was t available for viewing at press time; s billed as a biography of the mind of nstein, an attempt to look at the way thought and what motivated him. e other program, scheduled on most tions for two hours at 8:00 P.M. on rch 13, is *Einstein's Universe*, a BC/WGBH production written by gel Calder.

Despite its admirable purpose of en-htening scientific illiterates like my-lf, *Einstein's Universe* makes that invention, The Book, look pretty good. I'm afraid I learned more about relativity from a few paragraphs in a recent *New York Times Magazine* article on Einstein than I did from the show. Indeed, it was a show, which was part of its trouble. It was so anxious to make things easy, to be—according to the press handout—"fun and fascinating," that it forced the earnest viewer into mighty labors of separating entertainment from enlightenment. Try, for example, to concentrate on Einstein's demanding words when they are read aloud by hammy Peter Ustinov in a vaudeville German accent. Or don't try—for it is simply not possible.

Then there is the problem of figuring out which role Ustinov is dazzling us in at which moment. When he is not playing Einstein as one of the Katzenjammer Kids, he is playing the part of an amiable plump English duffer who understands from nothing, with whom we are to identify. (At one point, to show his range as an actor, he plays the duffer's twin brother!)

As the titles unfold, Ustinov arrives by plane somewhere in the mountains of West Texas and is brought by car (with a motorcycle escort reminiscent of the one in the opening of Cocteau's *Orphee*) to the McDonald Observatory of the University of Texas. There he receives instruction from a distinguished group of appealingly shy and exasperatingly inarticulate physicists including John Wheeler, Ken Brecher, Roger Penrose and Irwin Shapiro.

Half the time when I didn't understand anything in spite of my best intellectual effort, Ustinov himself looked reassuringly puzzled; the other half of the time, when I also didn't understand anything, Ustinov dismayed me by nodding intelligently.

It is true that TV can do very good pedagogical work, when it distinguishes between its technological assets and distracting gimmickry. To take a discrete positive example, last summer on *20/20*, that imaginative teacher, Carl Sagan, devised a room in which people of different sexes, ages, races and nationalities were cleverly deployed in various lively combinations, rapidly providing the viewer with a really *vivid* sense of the population of the world.

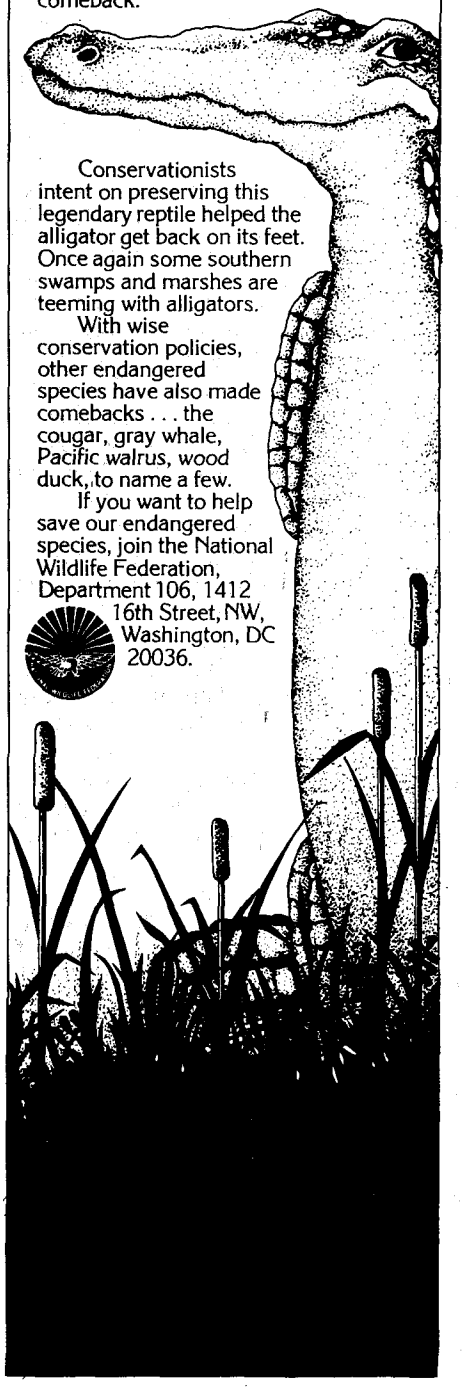
And of course there was the late J. Bronowski's wonderful 1975 series, *The Ascent of Man*, produced by Adrian Malone who, early in 1980, will present *Cosmos*, a thirteen-part series written and narrated by Carl Sagan. Such productions, along with the continuing

Advertise in
The Nation.

Back, by popular demand.

Just a few years ago, illegal hunting and encroaching civilization had all but destroyed the alligator population in the south. They were added to the official list of endangered species in the United States.

Now alligators have made a comeback.



Conservationists intent on preserving this legendary reptile helped the alligator get back on its feet. Once again some southern swamps and marshes are teeming with alligators.

With wise conservation policies, other endangered species have also made comebacks . . . the cougar, gray whale, Pacific walrus, wood duck, to name a few.

If you want to help save our endangered species, join the National Wildlife Federation, Department 106, 1412 16th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nova and *Healthline*, and recent miniseries like *Mme. Curie* and *Men and Microbes*, show how useful TV can be in presenting scientific material.

By way of contrast to such heady stuff, Festival '79 also offers *Three Men in a Boat*, a lovely adaptation of Jerome K. Jerome's book by playwright Tom Stoppard. After spinning through the mysterious universe it is very pleasant to go boating on the Thames around the year 1885. Einstein would have understood perfectly—it's all part of the space-time continuum.

Also forthcoming are classical guitarist Andres Segovia live from the White House at 4 P.M. on March 12; Sarah Vaughan; Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, and Jacques Cousteau. A National Geographic Special, *Last Stand In Eden*, shows how 2,000 elephants in Kenya have been driven south by the vast rapacity of poachers, then driven back north from the Aberdares, an agricultural region where they have caused serious damage to crops. An elephant consumes up to 300 pounds of food a day; people must eat too, and in Kenya there isn't all that much to go around. The dilemma is clearly and effectively depicted on good old TV, with no need to resort to new-fangled communications technologies such as The Book. □

THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

This is a particularly hard time for actors. In the 1920s and for a good part of the 1930s, the Broadway stage offered them roles in the work of the leading European dramatists as well as in plays by O'Neill, Maxwell Anderson, Sidney Howard, Philip Barry, George Kelly, S.N. Behrman, George Kaufman. Managers could suffer three flops in four tries without going broke if there was one success. There was freedom and some boldness in the choice of scripts, even some "experimentation" and many more productions of ample scale. New York had some sixty playhouses suitable for modest as well as large needs.

With the shrinkage all along the line during the 1930s and in the ensuing years, most of our big stars—the Barrymores, Spencer Tracy, Fredric March, et al.—abandoned the theater for films. Such wonderful artists as Laurette Taylor and Pauline Lord died in the 1940s and the tremendously talented Marlon Brando went west, as did more recent luminaries: Dustin Hoffman, Al Pacino, Paul Newman. An overall impoverishment of our main theatrical arteries became increasingly evident.

Today our better plays are produced in regional theaters, for limited runs Off or Off Off Broadway. They reach the main market only if they give promise of wide success. The shortage of New York playing space in advantageous facilities results in an impasse: a good number of meritorious plays are refused entry if theater owners do not consider them sure-fire box-office ventures.

This gives rise to an artistic paradox. In the 1930s, the young stalwarts of the theater complained that the stage interpretation of plays was not up to the measure or quality of the scripts. We probably exaggerated the case. But due in large part to the people whose theatrical perceptions were sharpened by the study of European models—especially Stanislavsky—and to the spate of instruction in schools, university theater departments and private courses with eminent teachers, the general level of acting has grown more sophisticated, and possibly "deeper." We do not now have as many actors on our stage of great scope, impressive emotional power or brilliant skill but we do have an ever increasing number of new players whose seriousness and ability are most encouraging. But where are they to play (remuneratively) with any degree of continuity in a variety of parts in worthy plays?

There now exist among us a considerable number of promising dramatists, but very few are mature craftsmen. They have interesting ideas or notions but they rarely develop them into satisfactory entities. They flash and sputter and too often become extinct. They betray a nervous haste in an atmosphere of overall insecurity and lack of balanced criticism. Because they *are* talented they frequently grow both clamorous and self-indulgent. If they have attained a modicum of success (a "name") or write for film or TV, they teach playwriting.

These generalizations require further examination of the social and psychological temper of our day. I am stirred to make them now because I have recently seen various performances which made me feel especially sorry for actors. Their gifts heartened me, their dedication touched me, and their professional situation caused me something close to anguish.

In some Off Off Broadway circles, I saw actors undertake mighty roles in formidable dramas which exceeded their present abilities. Still, it was consoling (though a little pathetic) to o serve that they were closely followed l a devoted audience. The appetite for tl theater has not diminished, though tl price of tickets curtails its satisfactio

Walter Donaldson's score for *Whoo ee!* (Anta Theatre) is much more grat fyingly tuneful, more fun, than most what we hear in our musicals now days. For the rest, I confess that I w troubled by my memory of the origin (1928) show with Eddie Cantor. The was a certain innocence and, for all h popeyed exuberance, a gentleness Cantor's playing of the timorous "herc And these traits were prevalent in tl entire production. Though the sho was nonsense then (and is nonsen today), neither its personnel nor its a dience felt it necessary to manife their sophistication by any show of s periority to it. They were content to b have as children, which was wise them. I found the parody now (inclu ing the deliberate unsightliness of tl sets and costumes) cutely bumptio rather than exhilarating. The "belie in the material in the old show was h manly and theatrically more sour than the present spoofing.

There is an underlay of healthy sent ment and humorous good sense Joanna M. Glass's *Artichoke* (Manha tan Theatre Club until March 1 which overcomes its flaws. It resembl the kind of rural comedy much more f miliar in the teens than today. Mo stage fare now is city based, ar farmers are neglected or forgotten.

The play's locale is Saskatchewa The only relatively educated person c the farm here is Margaret Morley, woman whose father was a mayor of nearby town. The rest are oafish bu sturdy, well-meaning folk. Margare who married a gruff, earth-roote farmer, has given herself wholehear edly to the rough tasks his farm r quires. A year after their marriage, he husband, Walter, with peasantlik crudeness, tumbled a poor water d viner who bore him a girl, Lily Agne Margaret has adopted the child, an treats her with loving care, despite he being somewhat "peculiar." (She a ways wears a hat to contain her in stincts.) But Margaret has not tolerate Walter in her bed since Lily's arriva and has exiled him to the smokehous though they still go on working the acres together.

The difference between *Artichol* and the old-time comedies I have a luded to is that there is in this play th salt of latter-day observation, a nic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rony, a sympathy which does not place tself above its characters. Sexual pairngs give the narrative its line, but not ts point.

There is an English professor, an orphan originally raised by the Morleys (wife, husband and grandfather) who has come to visit them after years of absence. His area of expertise is Alexander Pope. Margaret and he have a momentarily untrammeled and ecstatic affair. But he cannot remain a scholar on the farm and the farmers cannot abide his lack of connection or cooperation in their work. Margaret and the professor must part—and this is all to the good of everyone concerned. The author implies that what the workers of the soil do is more fundamental than what the frail professor does. Margaret and Walter are reconciled: their marriage takes on a new life.

The play hurries to its conclusion with a too patly farcical scene intended to demonstrate the incompatibility of the two "sides." For all that, the play's smile and its canny benevolence in the depiction of the characters, especially Lily Agnes, the adopted child, provide more pleasure than its flaws (including an awkward opening exposition by a two-farmer "chorus") provoke irritation.

Under Lynne Meadow's direction, Patricia Elliott is splendidly forthright as Margaret, Nicholas Hormann is subtly right as the professor, Michael Higgins is a delightful grandpa and Rex Robbins is as admirably suited to Walter as James Greene and Daniel Keyes are to the poor neighbors. But most striking of all is Amanda Michael Plummer (she looks like her father, Christopher Plummer, and sounds like her mother, Tammy Grimes), as the bastard child who reads Emily Post religiously and quotes her with effective consequences.

At Thomas Babe's *Taken in Marriage* (Public Theater) the house was packed to see five excellent actresses, of whom the most prominent are Colleen Dewhurst, Meryl Streep and Elizabeth Wilson. One can admire them for their ability to hold our attention in a thoroughly false play.

The author proposes to reveal the perversity, faithlessness and cynicism of most contemporary marriages among the well-to-do. The women are an utterly nasty lot, and their men, whom we never meet, are patently no better. This is of course dramatically admissible, but the play's writing is exasperatingly "literary." I could not believe any of it—I cannot understand how anyone else could—except in an "abstract" fashion, which in this instance is of no account.

Babe, the not ungifted author, came closest to a firm dramatic articulation of his sense of life in an earlier play, *Prayer for My Daughter*. What he generally wishes to say is that "bad" people in our society are not at heart as bad as they behave; they do not do as they wish. Something turns them awry. But in this, his most pretentious play, the thesis ends in a sentimentality more offensive than total condemnation.

What the devil is so fine a group of actresses doing in this galley? Evidently they can find no better in the harbor and *they want to act in the theater.* □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Henry Jaglom made *Tracks* four years ago; it was shown at festivals here and there, but only now has opened in New York. And opened almost surreptitiously, with virtually no advertising and a sour notice in *The New York Times*. It is a film about Vietnam that will not compete with *The Deer Hunter*, though it is much the better work.

Dennis Hopper is the lead, and though Jaglom both wrote and directed the movie, I suspect Hopper had a hand in its construction. Like his *Easy Rider*, it records a trip across the continent, this time on what must be Amtrak's most luxurious train, and again the candid, smiling American countryside flows past in counterbalance to the bizarre and troubling events of the story.

The time is 1973 (Nixon is heard on radio, announcing the signing of the ceasefire in Paris) and Sgt. Jack Falen (Hopper) is on leave from Vietnam to escort home the body of a friend who died there. Trains, of course, are one of the screen's best settings for "microcosm" stories; they serve the purpose of fiction's isolated mansions, its magic mountains, while at the same time allowing the movement without which film tends to seem cramped. On this train is a mixed bag of American types, caricatured but presented with a generous appreciation of what is attractive as well as what is merely zany about them. Falen is clearly stunned by being suddenly thrust back into the peculiarities of "normal" America; his opening remark is, "When things get rough, I think a lot about my childhood," and more than once on the trip he is back there. He also has moments when he believes himself still in what he invariably refers to as 'Nam, and then the genial, live-and-let-live humor of the film becomes streaked with terror.

Jack Falen is a gregarious as well as a tormented man. He becomes a favorite with the other passengers; he drinks beer with a fanatic lover of the land (who also sells plots of it), reminisces with a fellow runaway from home (Dean Stockwell), whose brutal exposure as a "political" further undermines the sergeant's equilibrium; falls impetuously in love with a vacationing schoolgirl (Taryn Power), and she with him; laughs at a dedicated chess analyst, and listens incredulously to the Freudian extrapolations of an autodidact sexologist. But these friends can seem to him to take on monstrous shapes and he carries an automatic. At one terrible moment he fires it. In the end, at the graveside where no one shows up, Falen at last completely loses control. He begins to chant, "I love. I hate. I love and I hate and I love, and I hate because I love." He screams, "You want to know what it's like in 'Nam?" (Everyone had been asking him that.) "I'll show you what it's like in 'Nam!" And he does.

Jaglom has shaped this disturbing film somewhat on the model of a comic strip. It is garish and noisy, with sudden lurches out of context; it is abruptly violent, naively optimistic, crudely funny, but it makes its points with the speed and force of a good poster. Hopper I found splendid as a decent man who wants desperately to get back to decency again, and who almost makes it. The music is part of the story. Heard through the sergeant's transistor, it is made up, I believe, entirely of the sentimental and belligerent songs of World War II. They are anachronistic, but what choice was there, what songs came out of the quagmire? That also is a clue to what it was like in 'Nam. See *Tracks* if it comes your way.

A couple of months ago Peter Weir, the Australian director, was introduced to American audiences with *The Last Wave*, a story of race relations that is enlivened with manifestations in the manner of *The Exorcist* and ends inconclusively in mystic pessimism. Now, in *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, he offers a very pretty tale of woe that comes to no conclusion at all. On St. Valentine's Day, 1900, a parcel of the most excessively nubile girls to be seen on the screen since *Maedchen in Uniform* go on a day's jaunt with two of the teachers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from their very strict, very stylish women's college. Three girls and a teacher disappear; one girl is found, but she remembers nothing; end of story. Hanging Rock, an unusual volcanic formation of considerable grandeur, appears to be in *Midsummer Night's Dream* country—unearthly sounds are heard and the place induces somnolence.

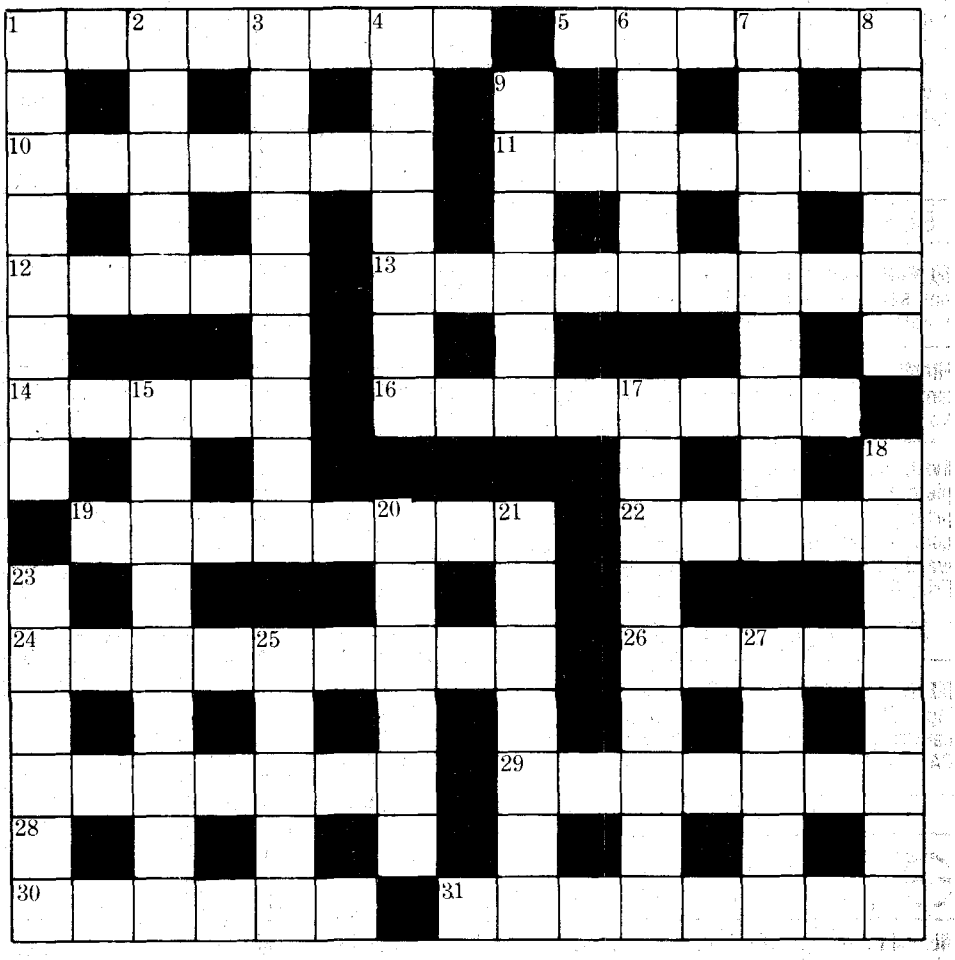
Mr. Weir took his script from a novel by Joan Lindsay; where she found it I do not know, but it may well have been from some chronicle of local history, since that would account for the unresolved mystery. However, Weir is not particularly interested in plot: he is bent on charm and atmosphere, and these he offers in profusion. The girls, in their white, ankle-length dresses and sailor hats, weave affectionate arabesques with one another. They recite poetry ("Where the bee sucks. . . ," etc.), tell one another secrets and smile over their private dreams. At moments of most exalted adolescence, they move in slow motion. Hovering over them is Mademoiselle, the French teacher, whose affection for her charges also suggests *Maedchen in Uniform*.

All this tender blossoming is assaulted, needless to say, by the inexplicable disappearances. The headmistress, a woman who in appearance and behavior sharply recalls Alice's Ugly Duchess, suffers sudden financial reverses from the adverse publicity, takes to drink and behaves unfeelingly toward an orphan scholar. The doctor to the school, a gray and respectable man, keeps reassuring members of the staff that he has examined one and another of the pupils and found them perfectly "intact." Since there is little if any reason to fear that they are not, I thought he was carrying his professional duties rather far. Nor could I see why we were twice shown one of the maids and one of the handymen tucked cozily in bed together. Their trysts have nothing to do with the story—indeed, they themselves have nothing to do with it—and it seemed they might have been left to wanton in private. But apparently Weir was eager to show us another, more earthy, sort of prettiness.

Almost all that can be said for the picture is that those who enjoy seeing young ladies engaged in tender laughter, soft tears and sweet suicide (there is one) will be well served by *Picnic at Hanging Rock*. It is all so ethereal, as though filmed through gauze, that no one need fear being distressed by a sense of closeness to the participants. *Swan Lake* produces much the same effect, and with better music. □

Crossword Puzzle No.1765

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A worker to run away with a range animal, reputedly. (8)
5 A mistake made by backward students. (4-2)
10 Not a one-time description, nor is it backwards in a smart environment. (7)
11 If I said it's raining you might get the answer. (7)
12 Spoke in the plural form. (5)
13 Where they sometimes say it's deep on one side, with a devilish alternative. (2,7)
14 and 27 down Obviously the voters choose to speak well of it. (10)
16 See 6 down
19 Bird the old woman must have considered big. (8)
22 Too fat to be seen carrying it. (5)
24 BC and AD, in a sense. (We're missing something with them.) (9)
26 Spenser's *Colin* was a big hit. (5)
28 Sailors don't always have to be malefactors to be so bound. (2,5)
29 Ever go a bit crazy and get a little extra money in the till? (7)
30 Somewhat lacking in weapons, hence a trifle jumpy. (3-3)
31 As they used to say, heed fewer and you'll get rash. (8)

DOWN

1 Certainly not DC wired, it's granted! (8)
2 Worn out, like an auto or bicycle. (5)
3 and 25 But an elephant doesn't have to be so old this way! (4,2,3,5)
4 Composer of *The Bohemian Girl*—or was that someone else? (7)
6 and 16 across Not exactly like Con-Ed—they often have parks for such, nowadays. (5,8)
7 Not a very fancy growth by the sound of it—but that's what Handel's so-called *Largo* is all about! (5,4)
8 and 18 Your old shoes might be, and make the parents late. (6,8)
9 Stuck with the investigation? (6)
15 The piano, I find, is of African construction. (9)
17 What the cleaners might give first, and ultimately find payment for it. (4-5)
18 See 8 down.
20 Take in as a joke, one hears (6)
21 In a way "Old Miss" could be so charming. (7)
23 Less than demanding—more like royalty. (6)
25 See 3 down.
27 See 14 across.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1764

ACROSS: 1,12 and 6 across By the skin of one's teeth; 9 Utility; 10 Tosspot; 11, 30, 25 and 23 The Speckled Band; 13 In on; 15 Cashiers; 16 Ashlar; 18 Listed; 20 Scorpion; 24 Genial; 28 Tail-end; 29 Engaged; 31 Laterally. DOWN: 1 Brunt; 2 Trivets; 3 Epitomized; 4 Keyboard; 5 Netted; 6 Tusk; 7 Empanel; 8 and 17 Hit-and-run accident; 14 Astrologer; 15 Celibates; 19 Sunrise; 21 Illegal; 22 Mendel; 26 Daddy; 27 Deck.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

Go National with The Nation's Classifieds: You can reach a large audience of discriminating, educated and concerned readers throughout the United States at very reasonable rates. We charge $3 per line (45 characters or spaces)—two line minimum. Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for three insertions of your ad, and we will print a fourth insertion free! Please enclose payment and send to Lindsey Weinraub c/o The Nation.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

50 MONEY-MAKING Plans & Ideas. Complete list and sample. Send $1.00 (refundable) to Hutson Wholesale, P.O. Box 2404, Rockmond, CA 94802.

FRAME SHOP, GALLERY. L.A. Cal. Stable, w/potential. Capable person or couple can handle. Not sinecure. Will train. Write Nation Box 58.

Available, United States public companies, complete price $75.000. Also needed, purchasers or principles for coventures in proven oil, gas and coal properties. E.J.R. Enterprises (Attn: Edward H. Miller, Jr.), Box 87, 46 Jarvis St., Fort Erie, Ontario L2A 5M9. (416) 871-2624.

CROSSWORDS

MEDICAL CROSSWORD PUZZLES. New! Challenging! 100 pp. puzzles, quizzes. $2.95 from Medical Crosswords. Box 99187 (N), San Fransisco, CA 94109.

ASSOCIATIONS

The Society of Evangelical Agnostics. Information: Box 612N, Fresno, CA 93709.

NO, no! go not to Lethe...Instead, why don't you sign up for the Sad Poets Series. Nation Box 11.

VACATION RENTALS

PUERTO RICO: Luquillo Beach House 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Piney, Box 460, Gracie Sta., New York, N.Y. (212) 233-5314.

CASA ANDORRA, CULEBRA IS. Between P.R. and St. Thomas. Ideal: swimming, snorkeling, hiking. Fully equipped Waterfront homes. $200-275 a wk for up to 6 people. Box 526, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708.

TRAVEL

30TH ANNUAL ROUND THE WORLD TOUR. 8 countries, 30,000 miles. July 10 to August 9, 1979. Reservation deadline May 1. Free brochure: Bryan World Tours, 19 Fairview, Clarion, Pa. 16214.

STUDIES ABROAD

EDUCATION IN CUBA: Specially designed tour April 15-23. Montreal departure. Other tours also available in '79. Contact Guardian Tours, 33 W. 17th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10011. 212-691-0404.

Ask About Our Low Rates For Display Ads

PERIODICALS

WOMEN ARTISTS NEWS doesn't just entertain you. It also informs you. $6 per year (10 issues). Box 3304 Dept. N, Grand Central Sta., NYC 10017.

WHY NOT LAUGH? Cultural Correspondence brings together radical and feminist jokesters, storytellers, artists. Current issue (#9) features Sex Role Humour, Cartoons from Labour's press, OSCAR AMERINGER selection, also TV criticism, Coney Island paintings, kid's section. $2. Sub: $7.50/year (quarterly) c/o Dorrwar Bookstore, 224 Thayer St., Providence, RI 02906.

PUBLICATIONS

FREE SPEECH? The courts are wrong. 35-min. scholarly 'interview' with Meiklejohn, noted educator/ACLU'er. $2.00 ppd. L.W. Jones, 511 Verano Ct., San Mateo, CA 94402.

Know what our labor laws really provide. Get Basic Labor Law, full text of Taft-Hartley, Landrum-Griffin Acts, with introductions to each section. Send $2.95 to Joseph E. Finley, 57 Brookstone Drive, Princeton, N.J. 08540.

REPUBLICAN PARTY - Dead - Dying - A Concept for Its Survival send $1.00 P.O. Box 10992N St. Louis, Mo. 63135.

LITERARY SERVICES

Research, writing, editing. Catalog $1. Academic Research Group, Inc., 240 Park Ave., Rutherford, N.J. 07070. (201) 939-0189.

RECIPES

Claudine's Chewy Chip Bars. All done in one pan—no bowls etc. Send $1.00 and S.A.S.E. to The Nation Box 980.

Easy Shrimp Mousse. Send $1.00 and S.A.S.E. to The Nation Box 981.

Zucchini Soup. Great hot or cold. Send $1.00 and a stamped self addressed envelope to The Nation Box 982.

Scrumptious deep fried flour taco; Spanish gazpacho. S.A.S.E. and $1.00 to Nation Box 310.

Minnesota State Fair Blue Ribbon Banana Nut Bread (Super Moist). Fabulous No-Roll Sugar Cookies. SASE. $1.00 Write Nation Box 38.

Superb Chocolate Mousse. $1.00. SASE. Write Nation, Box 20.

Savoy Trifles and Sally Lunn Cakes. Send $1.00 and self-addressed stamped envelope to The Nation, Box 20.

Backyard Booya—A Midwestern Tradition. Send $1.00 and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Nation Box 39.

Extra Luscious Sky High Lemon Meringue Pie. Send $1.00 and S.A.S.E. To Nation Box 41.

Old English Date Pudding. Send $1.00 and S.A.S.E. to Nation Box 81.

FOR RENT

Midtown N.Y. office to share. Private inner off., sec/clerical area, conf. room, all furn. and equipment. Excellent location, available May 1. Divide all expenses with small student exchange program. InterFuture, 420 Lexington Ave, NYC 10017 (212) 682-8955.

SERVICES

ARE YOU PAYING FOR YOUR BANKER'S MERCEDES? Save for your own instead! Write to us today for info on Eurodollar accounts, now paying over 10%, 3 mo. term, no minimum. We also deal in Sw. Francs, Yen, and other solid currencies. Hamilton Account Services, P.O. Box 2492G, Livermore, CA 94550.

BECOME LEGALLY ORDAINED MINISTER. Credentials sent for $3 offering. Mother Earth Church, Dept. NA, 469 Pacific, Monterey, CA 93940

RENT-AN-ARTIST: Illustration, design, layout, paste-up, mechanical. Rush Service n NYC. 243-0532 or Nation Box 93.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

VOICE LESSONS - Experienced teacher: B.F.A., M.M., Fulbright scholar. 212-877-9161

MISCELLANEOUS

POLITICAL INTELLECTUALS will appreciate the simple process that extracts THC-loaded resin from the vegetable w/o using chemicals or screens. Easy directions for $2 & s.a.s.e. Bleak-Ent., P.O.B. 521, S.L.O., CA. 93406.

PERSONALS

GAY-BI PERSONAL ADS magazine $3.00 Ads 25¢ per word; **"LOVE TIMES"** Box 15607 TN Honolulu, HI 96815.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Est. 1970. Nationwide. Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081.

SCULPTRESS, 40, runs small gallery in SF. Not only interested in art, however. I enjoy cold showers, good solid food, and sensible clothing in all seasons. I hope to find a man who takes hot baths eats frilly French food, and wears a down vest in Summer. If this is you, write Nation Box 12.

I AM A GUIDANCE COUNSELOR, woman, 37, and have been dispensing sympathy all my professional life. Now it's time for someone to sympathize with me. Could you be the one? Reply Nation Box 44.

HANG-GLIDER, mountaineer, free-faller, geologist, PhD, early forties, seeks companionship with woman who loves fresh air and natural physical adventures of all kinds. Reply Nation Box 25.

MAN, 28, Columbia Journalism grad, enjoys reading anything not between hard covers. Seeks female companionship for springtime Eastern seashore junkets. Reply Nation Box 46.

X-523

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Norman Birnbaum, Blair Clark,
Ramsey Clark, Fred Cook, Terrence Des Pres,
E.L. Doctorow, Richard Falk, Jules Feiffer,
Tom Ferguson & Joel Rogers, Frances FitzGerald,
James Goodman & Dorothy Samuels, Philip Green,
Christopher Hitchens, Leonard Kriegel,
Penny Lernoux, Sanford Levinson,
Carey McWilliams, Aryeh Neier, Marcel Ophuls,
Nora Sayre, Robert Sherrill, Calvin Trillin,
Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Alan Wolfe **write it.**

John Alcorn, Marshall Arisman, Tony Au
Seymour Chwast, Robert Grossman, Frances
Ed Koren, David Levine, Lou Meyers, Ed
illustrate it.

Victor Navasky edits it.

0879
-2
141378
SHERROD LIB
PERIOD DEPT
E TENN ST UNIV
JOHNSON CITY TN

We've changed the face of The Nation. The new Nation is something to see.

Why is today's Nation, from editorial to the arts, wiser and wittier than anything in the field? The answer is in the people who write it, illustrate it, and edit it.

Join them. Say "yes" to our enticing offer in the coupon.

The Nation

333 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10

YES! Send me six months (24 issues) of The Nation at the low introductory rate of $9.95. I understand I may cancel at any time and receive a prompt refund for all undelivered copies.

☐ I enclose $9.95. For saving you billing costs I will receive four extra issues free.

☐ Enclosed is $21 for one full year (47 issues).

* Add $3.00 postage for Canada and Mexico; $5 other foreign subscriptions.
Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

2012

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED